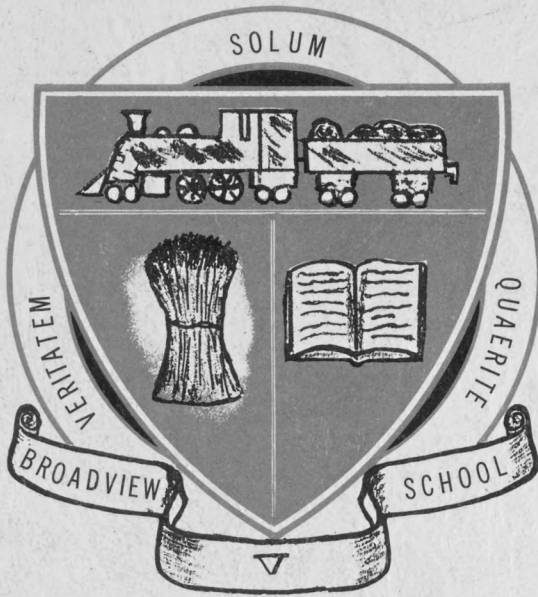


Charles A. Leon



'59 - '60

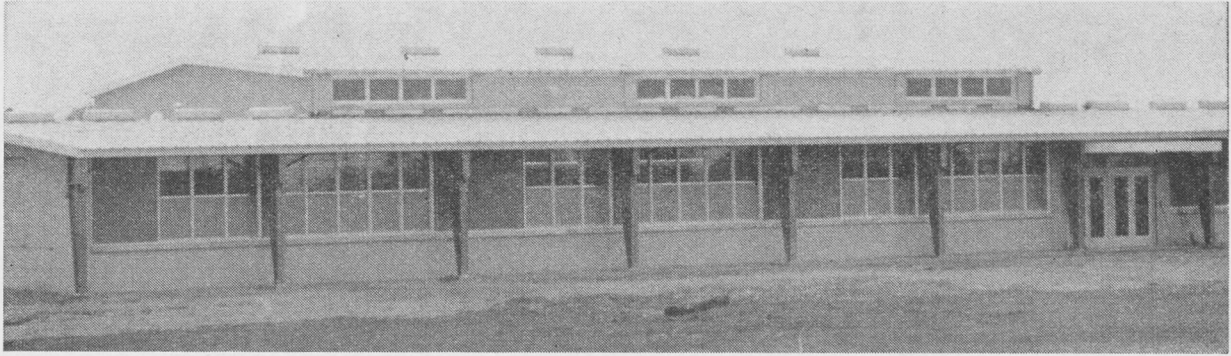
EDITION

of

THE

BEAM

DEDICATION



We, the students of the new B.H.S.,
proudly dedicate this, our 1st edition,
of

THE BROADVIEW BEAM

to

The New School

and its present and future students

The School Crest

From the many ideas born with the new building came the concept of a badge and motto for the Broadview School.

A crest is one part of a school which students may take with them when they leave.

Utilizing the school colours of green and white, we have encompassed by the "Wheel of Progress", three facets of the Broadview scene: the first, the locomotive, one of the founders of Broadview; then the "Wheatsheaf," symbolic of the produce of the land; thirdly, the "Open Book," the produce of the mind.

To blend with the three facets are the three Latin words of the newly formed motto: "Veritatem Solum Quaerite"—Seek only the Truth.

A school patterns our lives and makes us what we are. A crest should serve as a constant reminder of the time well spent.

—John C. Vickery.

Why The Beam?

This year Broadview High School has taken several giant steps forward. It is our privilege to begin this new decade in a new modern building. This year also saw the first commercially printed yearbook to be put out by the students, with the new crest proudly embossed on the cover. The yearbook staff felt that it was time to choose a permanent name for our annual. From several selections, the student body gave their favor to the "BEAM."

We think they made a fitting choice. Why? BEAM stands for the smiling young faces of our students. We hope you will smile with us as you turn these pages. A BEAM is a ray of light. We hope this book will illuminate your thinking as to what B.H.S. is trying to achieve. A BEAM is also a signal to keep ships or planes on course. Our yearbook is the sign that we are "on course."

To consider BEAM in yet another connection, it is the main feature of our building's architecture. It is our job to hold up the school to you, the reader. BEAM stands for Broadview Educational Achievements Manual, a guidebook of progress.

—May Edwards.

B.H.S. STAFF



MR. LEIBEL

MATHEMATICS Grades IX, X, XI, XII.



MR. GOBIE

SCIENCE Grades IX, X, XI, XII.

GEOMERTY Grades X, XI.



MRS. DRAKE

FRENCH Grades IX, X, XI, XII.

LATIN Grades IX, X.

HISTORY Grades XI, XII.

LITERATURE Grades XI, XII.



MR. REIMER

COMPOSITION Grades IX, X, XI, XII.

HEALTH Grades IX, X.

HISTORY Grades IX, X.

LITERATURE Grades IX, X.

Yearbook Staff

1959-60

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GIRLS' SPORTS EDITOR

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TYPISTS

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Mr. M. H. Reimer

Principal's Message



The first year of school life in our new building is almost over. I'm sure we're all convinced that the increased facilities have made both our job of teaching and your job of learning a little easier. In addition the gymnasium has afforded opportunity for a multitude of activities not previously possible. Broadview and district can be justifiably proud of their new school. Unquestionably the best way for our students to show their appreciation for the facilities provided is to increase and strengthen their academic achievements and to prove themselves better citizens as a result of the extra-curricular school experiences. This, we hope, you have done and will continue to do. We

also hope that those enrolled in this building will be able to look back on this first year with as much pleasure and satisfaction as we, the staff.

Although only half our student population had the privilege of christening the new building, the other half has not long to look forward to enjoying the new surroundings.

Undoubtedly, before you reached this point in our publication you noticed something else that's new—our yearbook. In the past years we printed everything but the cover ourselves, and this year, the book has been commercially printed. However, a great deal of hard work goes into a publication of this sort, regardless of how it is printed, and I would like to congratulate the staff advisor and the yearbook staff for the fine job they have done. The greatest desire is that this yearbook which we publish annually will become for you a cherished record of the school's achievements and also a record of your own and your friends' school careers.

At this point, too, I would like, on behalf of the entire staff, to wish those who leave us for the last time this year a truly happy and successful life.

—Mr. H. J. Leibel.

Valedictory

Today we have reached another milestone in our lives—today we have finally fulfilled a life-long dream—to graduate. Ever since that first awe-filled day in the building of learning we have been striving towards this goal, which at times I will admit, seemed shadowy and very far away; but now, having reached the summit we feel compensated for all the laughter and tears that have been shed in attaining it. What lies beyond is in our hands!

Twelve years of learning, of trying to understand, of succeeding, of failing, all seem so short when we look back on them. That first day of school. Do you remember it? Out of the mist of past events we catch a glimpse of a small room full of tiny desks, a smiling teacher, and the then-new faces. That was our first milestone—we had reached the first plateau in our life of learning. Some of us faced that plateau with anxiety, some with hesitancy, others with howls and still others were overjoyed at the thought of going to school like big brother or sister. This was but the beginning.

As the years passed we gradually climbed up that mountain of learning, gaining new knowledge each step of the way. Two, three, four, five years went by and the succeeding plateaus were becoming a bit harder to reach, the path a little steeper. Then without warning, the eighth year passed beyond our grasp and the second mile-

stone loomed ahead—high school. By now we were beginning to develop our personalities and to form lasting friendships. We began to realize that school really had a purpose, that it was necessary in helping us to fit into that great adult world of tomorrow. No more playing hookey or complaining for now the idea of gaining knowledge took on new meaning. We no longer felt imprisoned inside those stone walls when we could be out playing softball or riding our bikes, and the teachers no longer seemed like evil demons simply put there to punish us or order us around. We began to plan for the future and studying fitted into those plans very neatly.

Fall found us on the road to the ninth plateau and that far distant summit was beginning to loom larger in the mists ahead. Those four years of high school life passed all too quickly, barely giving us enough time to do all that we wanted. Then, before we realized it we had finally grasped and then reached that famed peak. We had fulfilled our ambition and were about to graduate. For some of us it had been a struggle, for others the road had flowed a little more smoothly, but despite the pitfalls we all agree that these were very worthwhile years guiding us to a better tomorrow.

But don't get me wrong, not all our school life was full of study and hard work, we had our good times, too. Remember the football games when we yelled ourselves hoarse cheering our team on to victory? Our initiation with its color and fun (oh, how we hated those laughing seniors!). Our first dance when we were all a little afraid to venture out on that shiny floor; the joy of receiving a good mark for a piece of work well done; our high school parties when all was forgotten as we danced to "Hound Dog" or carried a broom around the floor looking for some unsuspecting victim; the Literary meetings with their funny room reports and hastily prepared programs; our annual drama nights with their hard but rewarding work; the Saturday morning curling games when we crawled out of bed and went off to the rink half asleep; the satisfaction of producing a new yearbook full of the year's episodes and historic events; the field meets with the joy of winning that much cherished ribbon; all of these will continue to live in our hearts and will be food for the lonely hours in the years to come.

Being the first class to graduate from the new building we look back on the old with feelings of regret and nostalgia for it was here that we spent most of our school years. The crowded halls, the winding stairway, the old school bell, the creaking floors—all of these will be memories which will be tucked away and kept for the coming years.

But now we have reached our final year in a brand new building. It has been a year of nervousness, excitement and last minute plans, for, from here we leave to find our way in that great outside world. As we go we cannot help but remember those whom we leave behind, those who have helped us in these twelve eventful years. Our parents who guided those first wandering footsteps and tried so hard to keep us on the right track; without their gentle nudge now and then I am sure that many of us would have sat down discouraged and downhearted many times along that long and tedious road. Our teachers who gave us our start and helped us or should I say tried to help us gain some of that knowledge of the world; I say tried to help for I am sure that at times their task must have seemed insurmountable. The school board who made our years of learning a little easier by supplying the facilities and tools necessary for the job; without their aid both financial and otherwise I am sure that some of us would not have made the grade. To each and everyone of you we give our heartfelt thanks.

Now as this second milestone is about to slip away from under us we look out at the wide expanse set before us and wonder just what the future will hold. Some of us will be off trying to conquer new and higher peaks, others will follow pathways along this last plateau but wherever our careers, professions, and jobs lead us our only hope is that we may live up to your expectations and not let you down after all that has been done to help us achieve this ambition. In closing I would like to quote a poem written by one of the graduating class. I believe that it best conveys our feelings of what has gone before and what looms ahead:

Now have passed the long tedious days,
Soon we will be gone our separate ways.
How each school day seemed twenty-four hours,
Under the guidance of grumpy powers.
The first grade was a great step forward,
In the second words just simply poured.
Thirdly claiming to be sick,
Until the fourth when any team we could lick.
Too soon after holidays grade five arrived,
Then six when the boys suddenly realized we were alive.

Seven when we must not get our dresses soiled,
 Here we were in eight beginning to toil.
 Next, freshmen, about to be drafted,
 Now in ten, we considered ourselves rafted.
 Eleven and we thought we had the world,
 Alas, twelve, and soon to be unfurled.

—Patricia Morrice,

Editorial



Another school year is about to pass beyond us and to become lost in that endless space called time. Another term is about completed—the final one for some of us. Whether we have used our precious time wisely, or not, has been up to us. We hope that we have.

This year saw many changes in the old ways and customs of B.H.S. We moved into a brand new school with its modern and shining facilities; we became accustomed to our gym, learning new sports such as basketball and volleyball; opportunities which had not been open to us before. The 1959-60 term also saw the publishing of a new yearbook with a totally different name, the BEAM—Broadview Educational Achievements Manual. This beginning of a new decade has indeed been a year of achievements, a year which will be remembered with pride by those who have had a hand in its history-making events.

As we leave the old year behind I would like to depart with the hope that greater achievements, both academic and extra-curricular, will be attained in the future and that those who return in the fall will come back with new and more tantalizing ideas to add to ours and to make the next school year even more enjoyable for all.

—Patricia Morrice,
 Editor-in-Chief.

Seniors

VIOLA EALEY:

"Vi" is one of the quieter girls of grade twelve—in fact the only quiet girl. It's a good thing somebody is, it helps to remind us of the virtues of a closed mouth; nobody can put their foot in it! Every day "Vi" comes to school smiling. Is it a certain blonde we know? Viola is fond of French, a certain "fella," and dreaming about him in school. She dislikes going to bed early and geometry. "Vi" intends to be a stenographer, if no one changes her mind, and judging by the way that she keeps up with Mrs. Drake's dictation, she should be a good one.





LESLIE NORBECK:

If you find a tack on your chair, or see a paper airplane fly past, you will know "Les" is not far behind. "Les" is a tall blond Swede who likes to make everyone happy in the most peculiar ways. "Otto" is grade twelve's chief mischief-maker, period. He finds school interesting for this reason—work is a minor irritation dished out by teachers to keep him from having fun. "Les" has tastes leaning towards volleyball, basketball, dancing and girls. He has dreams of becoming a second Don Juan when he gains more "savoir faire," but whatever he does he will prosper by hook or by crook.

RONALD NIELS:

Life is a serious business to "Ron," so serious in fact, that he gave up riding a motorcycle to be the "shover" of an "autymobeel." "Shingles" finds it necessary to appear at school three days per week—much to his disgust. The rest of his time is spent on, or with, his car. It has a good motor, new paint job, radio and heater; girls, here is your chance. So far "Ron" has kept his sticky little paws off him. Smart boy! Ronald cannot seem to decide what his future plans are, but we wish him a good choice.



JOSEPHINE PARKER:

"Phiney" is a dark-haired, blue-eyed, happy-go-lucky gal who greets everyone with a smile and dimples. "Jo" is another obliged to ride the bus every day so she is not able to participate at three-thirty in that great B.H.S. institution—the detention room. She must do hers at noon. Her interests lie in dancing, receiving letters, and talking to the boys. The latter is a real test of "Jo's" sunny temperment, especially when she can still keep merrily on, after having been teased steadily for forty-five minutes by one Lynn Baker. What does Josephine want to do in the future? Next year she hopes to take a beautician course.

LYNN BAKER:

"Hammy" has hair like "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," a figure that is "pleasingly plump," and a mind full of "il diablo". As a matter of fact, Lynn's mind runs on one track, how to still annoy grade eleven and twelve girls, but avoid any "neck-tie party" they might have arranged for him. "Ol' Lightning" has other occupations though; dancing, playing football, working for his dad, and talking, well spiced with giggles. The girls in B.H.S. cannot begin to duplicate the record of giggling B.H.S. boys. Lynn tells us he is taking up a "pad" after high school days and becoming a Beatnik. Can you see "Ham" writing poetry?



GEORGINA McFADDEN:

"Gram" lives an exciting life commuting between two classrooms. She gets teased by the boys in both, so she can not win. Not even by trying to appear invisible. "Georgie" spends her leisure moments with Rod, or writing to him. She is active in all sports, loves music, and is a dancing enthusiast, (principally jiving.) Her only dislikes are the farm and cats. "Georgie" sprained her ankle just before Christmas this year, so she spent her time hobbling from class to class. "Georgie" took part in the high school play this year as Lindy and gave a very pleasing performance. Georgina has not decided definitely, but she has inclinations toward being a beautician. Loads of luck, "Georgie."

GEORGE CHARNISH:

"Legs" Charnish might as well live in the country and catch the bus; he has to walk over a mile each day to school from across town. Bet he blesses the advent of the new B.H.S. 'way out in the wilderness! You usually find George planning some mischief with "Alfie" when he gets the chance. In short, you could say George likes bothering people. This year George discovered a formula to take the misery out of exams—stay home. He is a sports "bug," especially for volley-ball. "Sherlock's" future is hidden in the mist of coming events.

**ALFRED OLSON:**

This brilliant specimen of a student spends his time pestering anyone handy. This could be Dennis the Menace's cousin! "Alfie" is fond of all the school sports, but his main pastime seems to be hunting, as is shown by his essays. We predict "Alf" will, in ten years time, be "The Great White Hunter of the Far North". How many bears will he have racked up by then? Any bets? "Alf" comes to school each morning on the school bus, and it is a surprising fact, he returns home the same way each afternoon. "Alf" wants to work in the out-doors, but his future occupation is undecided.

BARRY McFADDEN:

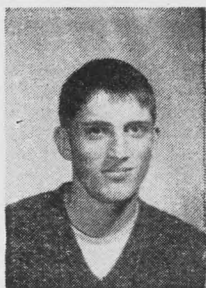
"Boar's" accomplishments include playing the drums for the Caporals, being vice-president of the Literary Society, and having a pretty "galfriend." Barry must read "1000 Jokes" every month; he always seems to have the newest "funnies" to tell you. His school activities include volleyball, basketball, chewing gum, shooting the breeze, chuckling and teasing the girls. We are all sure that if it were not for Jean's lunch pail that Barry would certainly starve to death. "Boar" played fullback with the Wanderers this year, as one of his outside projects. Barry's only dislike is the hour of 9 a.m. Could it be that it is because of work (oh, horrible word!)? Barry is deliberating the advantages of being a health inspector or a jet pilot.



GRADS

**JEAN BRIGGS:**

Jean is the saucy little blond who occupies a front desk by the window. She is obviously fun-loving, for we hear her giggles at five to ten minute intervals throughout the day. Maybe it was a teacher's joke? "Jeanie" has her hands full every evening with homework, and working as an usherette in the local "cinema." This gay "petite fille" enjoys sports, principally those of volleyball, basketball, and boy-teasing. Not so, Jeanie? Jean always has the latest "yolks" from the "whites" for her room reports; she is enjoyable as room representative. Jean's main outside interests are "at the hops." With her sparkling personality, Jean will go far.



EDWARD SEFTON:

"Ted" is the one member of the grade twelve class that finds life a serious business, if playing pool can be said to be serious business. Tall and lanky, describes Ted. Devotion to duty is his strong point; look at those marks! "Sif" lives across the good old Qu'Appelle Valley, but finds on the fall of the first snowflake that his father's little "Morris Minor" is beaten, so he becomes a "city slicker" for the winter. Ted's interests vary from football to dancing, to girls, to rolling his own cigarettes. What ho there' Sir "Vogue!" "Sif's" future seems tied up in his father's sheep raising business.

DALE LAIRD:

Clifford "Brain" Dale Laird. Quite a name eh? "Guff" enjoys girls, football, girls, cars, football, girls and cars. Nice variation isn't it? He also takes part in many other activities such as volleyball, girls, curling, hockey, girls and drama. Dale's favorite pastime is "riling up" Mrs. Drake; he really "gets a bang" out of it, (and so does she, we think.) Anyway, if Mrs. Drake did not have Dale, we are sure she would probably pine away without his teasing. Since Dale likes dismantling and remodelling cars, he is going to go into mechanics when he leaves us.



SHIRLEY ANDERSON:

Shirley can be found within the precincts of B.H.S. from fifteen seconds to nine in the morning to five in the afternoon. "Shirl's" special blessing is that of a sunny disposition; no wonder a certain Spring Lake lad finds her fascinating! She is quiet in school till Don Larter starts teasing her. Then you will hear cries of, "Donnie, stop it! Give me that!" "Shirl" keeps house in town; good practice for the future, isn't it? How is your cooking Shirley? Shirley has a liking for commercials pertaining to Double-Mint Gum and the program "Dear Shirley" on the radio. Since she desires to enter a broader path of learning, Shirley will attend university.

DONALD LARTER:

Being a more studious member of grade twelve, Don is fortunate in occupying a back seat. Don finds its main advantage is being able to bother Shirley all day. She says she does not mind; poor Don, his big chance to be a tease, and he has to sit by a girl who does not mind his attentions. Don't be alarmed, he still enjoys his pranks. Don is a "sporting laddie," playing football, basketball and volleyball. He also likes "rock tossing" and dancing. "Dennie" is no longer chief cook and bottle washer in town; he has won the battle over his own cooking by riding in on the school bus. Don has aspirations toward being a physical education teacher. Good luck at "U!"



GLENN HANSON:

Being the Literary Society treasurer, makes Glenn a rather important person. Perhaps a certain young miss we know thinks he is important for other reasons. Glen is an enthusiastic supporter of "the cur-r-r-ling with the stanes." This year he skipped the boy's rink representing Broadview in the Unit Finals. He makes quite good marks in all subjects, but his real love is biology (which is the subject he does not take.) Glenn paid a visit to Texas and the Mexican senecritas this Christmas, while attending a Youth Conference. Lucky boy! He comes from the farm, but apparently this life does not appeal to Glenn, since he wishes to train as an engineer.



NORMAN BAKER:

Norman, according to Mrs. Drake, has changed; last year he was quiet and serious; now he is "giddy." Marlene must have really gone to his head. "Norm's" favorite sports are playing pool and hockey. He is one of B.H.S.'s last surviving famous "pool-sharks." "Moose's" pet hates are cleaning boards and brushes, and seeing Elcapo bus coming at three-thirty. If it was not for Mrs. Drake, poor "Moosie" might get a rougher time than he does from "Mac" in the next seat, but Mrs. Drake always protects the innocent (???). "Moose" cannot seem to decide what life will hold for him, but he certainly will not be a bachelor!

JOYCE LOCKIE:

Joyce is a talkative young woman with a mind of her own. This year she participated in the school Bryant eliminations, and showed us her talents in this direction. She also took the Home Nursing Course, which was offered to the high school girls. Here's your chance boys, for a well-educated housekeeper. Eh, Joyce? Judging by her marks, Joyce enjoys school, at least she never complains. She is fond of athletics, and especially of going home without having to "tote" homework. Joyce has not searched out her future destination, but with her capacity to work hard, she cannot help succeeding in whatever she chooses.



PATRICIA MORRICE:

Here is one young woman who balances a large burden on her shoulders, and manages it very skilfully. We vote a bouquet of roses to Pat for the prodigious amount of time, work and skill she has put into this yearbook. Pat has been obtaining excellent marks, as well as, participating in speaking contests here and there. She won the regional final in the Credit Union speaking contest, and also the Unit honors for the Bryant. Pat's amusements include square dancing (she appeared on T.V.), writing letters, and talking to her "husband," Marg. Pat finds being teased by the boys somewhat embarrassing at times; she has such a lovely blush. Pat squeezes in, as her final activity, the job of being secretary of the Literary Society. She has a liking for nursing, and will most likely choose this as her vocation.



IRENE FAFARD:

Irene is grade twelve's "dark" blonde. During class Irene sits in her front desk with an intelligent expression on her face, but when the teacher leaves, she can be just as naughty as the rest of us. Irene is energetic, athletic, and intelligent. If you do not believe this, just look at her record of work done, sports participated in and marks obtained. Irene organized much of the Literary Society's work, and played third on the team representing the Broadview girls in the Unit curling finals. Irene's main interests outside of high school are dancing and calf club work. If a certain dark-haired "Nortie" does not interfere, we feel sure Irene will realize her ambition to take up psychiatric nursing.



CHARLES COOK:

Do not be surprised if some of our future generation is found studying the "Cook" formula. Just give "Chuck" a chance; he's likely to come up with something (maybe a formula to get rid of women.) "Chuck" is one of the few people we know who always has "les leçons" "tout fini," his excellent marks show it. Charles is a member of the Boy Scouts (wonder what he scouts?), curls with the high school, and also enjoys his favorite T.V. programme. "Chuck" attends our school parties regularly. When grade twelve's long struggles are over, Charles will attend university, and eventually take up teaching.



PATRICK MISKIMAN:

Pat is another of our important people, as president of the Literary Society. He fills his position extremely well, because he is always willing to work for the student body's behalf. "Dusty" comes in to high school on the Spring Lake "canoe" when he manages to "paddle" in. He seems to be grade twelve's authority on Shakespeare, and is also a mathematician of note. Wherever Pat is seen, the girls are also seen. He seems to have a way to their hearts. Is it that shy, come-hither smile? Pat is a volleyball, football and basketball enthusiast, and he plays all three well. His spare time is taken up in "pickin on de ole banjo" for the Caporals. Pat plans on becoming a radio technician.

**ELSIE GATRELL:**

Elsie is our shy, blushing little farm girl who is forever being teased by the boys. Despite these hardships, she still manages to get through each day in one piece. Elsie's likes include dancing, volleyball, curling and Kipling (?). Light housekeeping in town this winter did not seem to have any effect on her slim figure. Maybe she doesn't like her own cooking? Elsie's future plans have not yet been made, but we are sure she will succeed in whatever she decides upon. Good luck!

JOAN BRIGGS:

Joan is a quiet, dependable girl who always seems to be in there working hard. Something anyone might envy her for is her long golden-coloured hair. Joan can always make us feel enthusiastic about any project with her energy. She is always "on the ball" when she plays volleyball; she tackles her librarian's task with real vigor. Joan is a fine typist and deserves a bouquet of roses from us also, for her patient, well-finished work on the year book's drafts. Workers like Joan make the editor's task much easier. Joan's plans include a secretarial course after grade twelve. She wants to be a travelling secretary (using the boss's car?) Seriously though, she will be one of the best.

**GORDON PARKER:**

"Wee Gordie" is all of about six feet, but this doesn't deter his pals from referring to him as such. "Gord" might be a farm boy, but "ses devoirs" "toujours" will be prepared for class. His favorite subject seems to be algebra; this probably is the reason he wants to become an economist, and we cannot think of a better requirement for such a task. Almost every day Gordon can be seen "roaring" down the gym floor, screaming at the basketball as he chases it. He also has a fondness for holding the broom on the curling rink. Gordon enjoys a good dance; he always attends the locals. Gordon is going to study commerce at the University of Saskatchewan.

JEAN SALESKI:

Our Jean, known as "Shakey Saleski" in the chem. lab, is a whizz on the curling rink. This year she skipped our school rink for the girls in the Unit Finals. She also skipped her rink to a box of notepaper each, in the Ladies' Bonspiel. In fact, we think we should call her "Old Sure Shot." Everyday Jean has to walk miles (two long steps) to catch the Elcapo "Tomato Can". But it is worth it. Look whom she sees when she gets to school! Jean is blessed with the capacity to work hard, and thus "pulls down" the better marks. Jean's cheery smile should win all her pupils to her when she enters her dreamed of vocation, teaching.



GRADE XII HIT PARADE

Jean Briggs	Polka Dots And Moonbeams
Ted Sefton	Suddenly There's A Valley
Alfred Olson	I Really Don't Want To Know
Shirley Anderson	Just Another Polka
George Charnish	Blue Monday
Donald Larter	It's Been a Blue, Blue Day
Irene Fafard	Important Words
Jean Saleski	Walkin' After Midnight
Charles Cook	Beatnik Fly
Pat Miskiman	Sparkling Brown Eyes
Gordon Parker	The Jolly Ploughboy
Joan Briggs	Boys of the Old Brigade
Glenn Hanson	C'est L'Amour
Barry McFadden	Fools Such As I
Norman Baker	Are Youn Mine?
Joyce Lockie	I Walk The Line
Elsie Gatrell	What Do I Care If It's One O'clock?
Patricia Morrice	Tiptoe
Georgina McFadden	P.S. I Love You
Viola Ealey	Mocking Bird Hill
Dale Laird	My Hot Rod Lincoln
Leslie Norbeck	The Farmer's Schottische
Josephine Parker	Dark Moon
Lynn Baker	I'd Rather Die Young
Ronald Niels	The Happy Wanderer

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the graduates of '60 being of sound mind and able body, do hereby make public and declare this our last will and testament.

Having exhausted all the Literary funds and disposed of the evidence we do jointly bequeath to the Grade Eleven class the remaining articles:

Item One: all our miscellaneous, misshapen, and misguided missles which are guaranteed to bring results if fired from a suitable launching pad.

Item Two: the science laboratory with its mysterious fumes and odors, its curious instruments, and numerous chemicals.

Item Three: we, in our parting moments, bequeath all our disfigured desks, and squeakable chairs to those who will follow in our noble footsteps.

Severally it is bequeathed:

"I, JEAN BRIGGS, bequeath PAT MISKIMAN'S banjo to Hamish Maslaniec."

"I, GORDON PARKER, bequeath ELSIE GATRELL'S shyness to Shirley Fredlund."

"I, JEAN SALESKI, bequeath GLENN HANSON to anyone who feels they are capable enough to handle him."

"I, DONALD LARTER, bequeath SHIRLEY ANDERSON'S ability to keep her mouth shut to Wilfred Blaus."

"I, CHARLES COOK, bequeath DONALD LARTER'S ability to square dance to Lillian Karlunchuck."

"I, JOYCE LOCKIE, bequeath GORDON PARKER'S height to Reg Ealey."

"I, NORMAN BAKER, bequeath JEAN BRIGGS'S ability to giggle to Kathy Lang."

"I, GLENN HANSON, bequeath TED SEFTON'S "Morris Minor" to Terrence Polson."

"I, DALE LAIRD, bequeath CHARLES COOK'S brain to Kenny Keller."

"I, PAT MORRICE, bequeath DALE LAIRD'S "hot-rod" to Billy Coe."

"I, JOAN BRIGGS, bequeath IRENE FAFARD'S waistline to Ron Galbraith."

"I, ELSIE GATRELL, bequeath NORMAN BAKER'S wavy hair to Elizabeth Fowlie."

"I, PAT MISKIMAN, bequeath PAT MORRICE'S pleasant smile to Margaret Warner."

"I, **SHIRLEY ANDERSON**, bequeath **JOYCE LOCKIE'S** ability to talk to Leona Dimler."

"I, **TED SEFTON**, bequeath **JOAN BRIGG'S** long hair to Greta Boger."

"I, **IRENE FAFARD**, bequeath **JEAN SALESKI'S** dark hair to Pat Ostlund."

"To the teachers we solemnly bequeath the right to mourn over our departure."

THE GRADS

JUNIORS



Back row: Don Rask, Marlene Fafard, Marg Warner, Ray Cope, Fred Link, Curt Anderson, Arnold Galbraith, Irene Link, May Edwards, Reg Ealey. **Front row:** Mary Anne Pearson, Roberta Lockie, Colleen Rask, Lorraine Pickup, Elizabeth Fowlie, Mr. Gobie, Nancy Markwart, Joan Listrom, Diane Wysoskey, Shirley Fredlund.

ROBERTA LOCKIE:

Roberta is one of our many hard-working farm girls. Dark haired and soft-spoken describes "Bert", as she is known. She is another victim of a school bus, which perhaps prevents her from doing some things she might do after school such as putting in detentions, but she fools them—she sits them out at noon. Roberta does not like olives and finds it nearly unbearable to hear conversation between her neighbouring classmates concerning same. "Bert" devotes her recesses to chatting with Viola and Nancy, and playing softball. Roberta does well in most subjects, and plans to be a healthy specimen of our class—a nurse.

RAY COPE:

Our whistling farmer boy always seems to say the wrong thing at the right psychological moment. Just ask any teacher. Ray is a typical 9:15 scholar—he just comes late so people will know he is there. Right, Ray? "Mrs. Drake, have you seen my social studies notebook?" and "Mrs. Drake, did people talk like this in Shakespeare's time?" are his favorite sayings. Ray excels in one of B.H.S.'s main sports, teasing the girls, and is classed as an A-1 super pest by some. When Ray graduates, if it is before he is forty, he will train as a radio technician.

DIANE WYSOSKEY:

A pair of big soft brown eyes and a voice saying "Has anybody seen my boyfriend?" marks our little "Susy". Diane takes life as it comes and the only thing that seems to bother her is the thought of failing chemistry. Diane is a devotee of rock-'n-roll, football (guess who is on the team?), cooking and sewing, listening to the radio and reading. She is very interested in school sports, both curling and playing on the volleyball team. "Susy darling" also spends much of her time riding horseback and training her colt; no wonder she can give a Bryant on horsemanship! Diane plans on teaching the A.B.C.'s when she gets out of B.H.S. Good teaching Di.

JOAN LISTROM:

Joan is our young woman with a purpose. "Go west, young woman, go west!" (I am West! !) (How did she get in here?) Anyway Joan is preparing herself well for her college days. She is always in there pitching for the high marks. Her school spirit is of the best; she devotes much time to oratory, drama, singing, and the support of all school activities. She participated in the Credit Union Speaking Contest and Bryant Oratorical. "Joanie" enthusiastically supports the cause for eating olives; in fact, she even bought Mr. Reimer a bottle for Christmas just so she could have some. Joan plans on attending the University at Saskatoon to get her M.D.

MAY EDWARDS:

May spends her days at school talking to her pals, fussing at Mr. Gobie and arguing with Mr. Reimer, and occasionally working. Her outside interests are varied, some being Grenfell, music, drawing, reading, and writing letters (we wonder to whom?) Her school activities include curling, playing volleyball, Social Editor of the Yearbook, and acting in the school plays. This black-haired little female takes a "kick" out of life, and wouldn't mind being a lady "bum". May has not definitely decided her career, but she is sure she would like to work with people, perhaps as a psychiatrist.

SHIRLEY FREDLUND:

Red-haired, petite, and freckled in a cute way, describes our Shirley. Shirley is fond of visiting her "auntie Tiger" at Moose Jaw, and every so often "takes off" as she says, for that city. She keeps busy writing notes, talking (what girl doesn't?) occupying a front desk, and trying to grow. Shirley is an ardent volleyball player, curler and takes part in school drama. Her favorite subject might well be composition—here she can let her mind run—wild? "Shirl" has a leaning towards the nursing profession, but if a "Tiger" gets in the way, we may see her pushing a stroller.

ARNOLD GALBRAITH:

Here is a lad that fairly "crawls" with ambition. The ambition?—to collect the old age pension in grade twelve!! Arnold's code is: "Life is too short to be spoiled by working, so let's have a ball." He enjoys life too, sitting in a back seat where he can talk to the girls or fight with Curt. School is fine—in P.T. periods. But Arnold's main interest is "this little girl o' mine" over in the grade IX room, and he can usually be seen with this interest at recess or down town. Our prediction: Arnold teaching Wilma to milk a cow in a few years time.

CURT ANDERSON:

Curt is living the life of O'Riley, or was. He was moved. It seems things were so exciting at the back, Mr. Gobie thought he might have heart failure and transplanted him to a front desk. But he still has fun teasing certain girls, plus his little expeditions around the room to Arnold's desk. "Clunk" as he is affectionately referred to, enjoys P.T. and spares, but seems to pull down reasonably good marks, so he must like some other classes too. Curt is a hockey and football enthusiast. When not occupied with these he works at Wyllie's store. Curt hopes to take up engineering.

MARGARET WARNER:

"Marg" is one of the quieter members, so perhaps unlike some of us, has realized silence is golden. At least one can stay out of trouble, we think. "Marg" spends her recesses chatting with Irene, and her spares listening to the chatter around her. Bet she could write a good gossip column! She enjoys basketball, mainly, among sports—that is, excluding the "stronger" sex. Margaret has not, as yet, decided on a career, but she could do well at almost anything.

REGINALD EALEY:

Did you know Reg has two desks? We didn't either 'till one day in Comp. class. Reg told us that he and Mr. Gobie shared desks, but Mr. Reimer tripped him up with the fact Mr. Gobie does not use Reggie's desk at all. Oh, these one-sided affairs! Reggie is getting to be a real lady's man, what with his interest in Mrs. Cook's room and teasing the grade eleven girls. "Soota" is fond of the outdoors; he plays soccer and likes horses. Reg was a "gad-about" in getting his prior education, attending several schools before B.H.S. Our young man is preparing for university and civil engineering.

LORRAINE PICKUP:

"Lorrie" is our gal with the friendly smile. Lorraine's talents lie in pounding the typewriter and drawing. She is attracted by a certain farm "down south aways". Wonder why? Maybe she plans on becoming a lady collective farm manager in the Soviet Union. Lorraine's hobbies are reading, sewing, and cooking. Like most girls she is also extremely fond of chattering to anyone who will listen. We feel that Lorraine will do a competent job in her business course.

MARY ANNE PEARSON:

Mary Anne can always be found by just following her steady stream of giggles. Both in and out of class "Pearie" can be heard loudly discussing "last night" with her pals. Mary Anne is an accomplished pianist, and has given us many enjoyable moments at our school functions with her piano solos. She was another of the fortunate people who made the trip to Texas this Christmas. She makes quite a senorita! When queried on her ambitions when school bells no longer ring for her, Mary Anne replies, "A housewife of course!" For whom, Mary Anne?

ELIZABETH FOWLIE:

"Liz" is one of the few belonging to the original class, beginning at Broadview eleven years ago. And speaking of school, "Jo's" occupations are: chewing gum, talking, writing letters, and other minor details. But now and then she edges in a little work, and some of us wish we could get a few marks like hers. "Jo's" sidekicks Agnes and Mary Anne can make quite a fuss over her when she comes in with a bag of candies. Wonder why? Nothing like refreshments while working. Elizabeth plans on being a school "marm" when she graduates. Bon voyage!!

NANCY MARKWART:

Nancy is fortunate in possessing a sparkling smile and cheery laugh. It makes us feel good just to watch her. "Nance" enjoys school so much, she changes them now and then to get variety. She came to us from Grenfell High this year. Nancy claims she's an average student. (Hey, has anybody seen any average students around here?) Nancy and "Liz" make a fine chattering team. Mr. Gobie is practically "tearing" his hair (on their behalf). Nancy wants to be a nurse, and with her pleasant personality, we are sure she will be a good one.

MANIFRED LINK:

Is it a man?? or a boy?? or a mouse?? neither, it's Fred, our room reporter. Fred always seems to "dig up" a good joke. As a result, he often makes the chatter column. Fred always seems to be surrounded by females. Are they attracted to his blonde curly hair? Come to think of it, that song "Seven Little Girls Sittin' in the Back Seat" was written for him. Fred claims he has dreams of finishing school young enough to enjoy life, but what is he doing now? His actual hope is engineering, perhaps in geology.

DONALD RASK:

Don is one of our members of the Shrimp Club who is in danger of losing his "status quo" which is all right with him. He wants to group up to be a man; being a boy, we would say he has a good chance of making it. Don is always "throwing monkey wrenches" into Mr. Gobie's classes with questions two minutes before Mr. Gobie gets to the point. Don's favorite sport is arguing, but he also enjoys athletics and is a 'whizz' on the dance floor. His future is involved in exploring the teaching profession. He will be one of the best in whatever field he chooses.

IRENE LINK:

This year our "missing Link" has returned, after having spent grade ten at Concordia College in Edmonton. Irene enjoys cooking and sewing, and anything else that is fun. Irene is another enterprising girl who plans on being a typist, 'till she "hooks" her husband. Maybe she will develop a new "twist" to this job, maybe typing while doing a head stand, no? B.H.S. wishes you the best in life Irene.

MARLENE FAFARD:

Our brown-eyed little miss of "francias" has two main passions, a certain young laddie and ye olde T.V. set. Since this year Marlene has to "hop" the bus to B.H.S. she cannot stay in town to entertain our lad with the Ed. Sullivan smile. But Marlene still fulfills her social engagements; what else could she and Shirley be discussing? Marlene finds life exciting at times, her French temper rising when Mr. Reimer reminds her of "N.B." After all, who would want to think of "Nota Bene" when another interesting subject like a boy is available. Marlene will probably end up being a duster-waving housewife. She'll chase the dust well!

COLLEEN RASK:

Colleen has a problem—namely, how do you get rid of Ray Cope and Lynn Baker when you are trying??? to work? Colleen must get some work done though as she is always among the brighter half of the class. She is also very fortunate in possessing musical talents, being able to play the piano, and to sing very listenable solos. We

would like to predict Colleen will make her debut in the Metropolitan Opera Company, but Colleen is not sure what she would like to do. She says it will more likely be "horse" opera. How are Colleen's chances of playing Matt Dillon's girl friend on T.V.?

GRADE XI HIT PARADE

Marlene Fafard	<i>It's Love</i>
Lorraine Pickup	<i>Worrying Kind</i>
Colleen Rask	<i>Something's Gotta Give!</i>
Irene Link	<i>No Love Have I</i>
Diane Wysoskey	<i>Any Time Is Lovin' Time</i>
May Edwards	<i>Butterfly</i>
Shirley Fredlund	<i>Black Slacks</i>
Roberta Lockie	<i>Buttons and Bows</i>
Joan Listrom	<i>Three O'Clock Thrill (a.m. or p.m.?)</i>
Ray Cope	<i>Moonlight Gambler</i>
Arnold Galbraith	<i>Drifting and Dreaming</i>
Reginald Ealey	<i>You Are My Special Angel (a)</i>
Mary Anne Pearson	<i>Wake Me Up When It's Over</i>
Elizabeth Fowlie	<i>Midnight Oil</i>
Nancy Markwart	<i>Sweet Child</i>
Fred Link	<i>Kookie, Kookie Lend Me Your Comb</i>
Donald Rask	<i>Shag</i>
Margaret Warner	<i>Anyone Can Dream</i>
Curt Anderson	<i>Fools' Hall Of Fame</i>



Say One For Me!



Sweep Girls Sweep!



Liberace



Warpaint!?!?



That's Patterning!



Sing Girls Sing!



Casted



Gr. XII's Pin up Queen



Tell Me A Story

Sophomores



Back row: Howard Young, Eugene Polson, Lyndon Reeve, Winston Archer, Blaine Norton, Terrence Polson, Bob Petrie, Ron Galbraith, Tom Cook, Jim Campbell, Agnes Chaskavich, Mrs. Drake. **Centre Row:** Emmy Chow, Pat Ostlund, Marie Fleere, Kathy Lang, Viv. Brown, Sharon Rink, Gladys Little, Pauline Markwart, Ruth Kurtz, Lynn Criddle, Eva Rif. **Front row:** Jim Miskiman, Wilfred Blaus, Ken Keller, Willie Olson, Don Perrie, Don Miskiman, Terry FitzGerald, Billy Coe, Missing: Marg. Thompson.

DONALD PERRIE:

Don is one of a rare breed of grade X's (he's got brains!). This south-paw's love of drawing has caused him to be chosen as one of the Yearbook artists. Donald has but one hobby—stamp collecting—at which he spends most of his spare time. His ambition varies from teaching the golden rule to entering the field of engineering.

AGNES CHASKAVICH:

This tall, brown-haired lass known to all as "Agie" is seen at all the local hops and movies with her "sidekicks" "Lizzy" and Roberta. Her hobbies include collecting records and occasionally not doing her homework. "Agie's" ambition is to play music on a typewriter.

LYNN CRIDDLE:

"Buzz" came to us from Sunset Beach and liked us so well she decided to stay. Besides poking Sharon and asking Donald for his geometry book she likes putting chicken bones and other odds and ends in peoples' coat pockets. Lynn's future is as yet undecided but we are sure she will make her claim to fame by swimming Crooked Lake.

DONALD MISKIMAN:

This handsome young lad is always trying to get the girls' attention, but when unable to do so "charms" Mrs. Drake with his big brown eyes. He takes an active part in all school activities and is one of the few boys who enjoys being out on the dance floor. Donald's main ambition is to invent a cover for the heat vents to stop the girls' erasers from rolling down (accidentally!).

BLAINE NORTON:

"Newt" would make a good poet as his feet are like Longfellow's with size nine shoes and size 11 socks. "Uncle Blaine and his Classroom Tales" are a constant source of wonder and laughs to all those who hear them. This dashing six-footer's interests centre around Irene and football. His ambition is to be a man with a good heart.

JAMES CAMPBELL:

Jim came to Broadway from Moose Jaw just one week after last year's initiation, but never fear, we caught him this year. His pet peeves are French and not having his father's car. He likes driving a car, especially when Colleen is in it. He doesn't seem

to be satisfied with her here on earth so he hopes to become a pilot and fly away with her. Good luck, Jim!

RUTH KURTZ:

Ruth or "Snookums" as she is commonly called came to us last year from Weed Creek school. Ruth enjoys talking, singing and P.T. She dislikes science and being teased, or so she says. Her main ambition in life is to become a successful nurse. Good luck, Ruth.

TERRY FITZGERALD:

Terry is "thee" chubby good natured ball of fun of the grade X class. Wherever trouble broods so does Terry. "Fitz" is active in most sports and spends his spare time peddling papers or in the detention room. He seems to be allergic to anything that doesn't concern food. His ambition seems to vary from time to time (when he has any!)

MARIE FLEECE:

Marie or "Minnie" can be found following Kathy's footsteps or riding around in a '53 sand-colored Ford. One of the happy medium girls of grade X, Marie enjoys most of her subjects, week-ends and Floyd. Marie has no definite plans for the future, but would like to teach the Golden Rule.

LYNDON REEVE:

"Corkie" is one of grade X's "Casanova's". He enjoys the fairer sex, late nights and Grenfell. Lyndon makes friends easily because of that beaming face behind those dark-rimmed glasses. He is often seen discussing his "serious" problems with Gladys. Lyndon wishes to become a Red Coat but will probably end up on the wrong side of the bars, or walls behind a horse and plow on his father's farm.

VIVIAN BROWN:

Another studious girl in our room, "Viv" is about as studious as most of us, which is really not at all when there's any fun to be had. Vivian is one of the quieter members of our class. It's a good thing we aren't all "yappy." Her main interests seem to center around school-work, and Saturday afternoon matinees. Viv's ambition is to put out and boss's circulars in round envelopes.

MARGARET ANN THOMPSON:

In Marg we have another hard-working girl, but at what we don't know! Marg has a cheery "hi" ready for everyone she meets and enjoys teasing the boys. Marg's favorite hobby is square dancing and because of this has even appeared on T.V. with a group of teen-agers. "Muggins" can be found driving around with Russel, or working in the theatre. Marg dislikes eating in cafes so she should make a good wife for someone. Her interest in children is shown by her ambition to become a kindergarten teacher.

SHARON RINK:

Sharon is a sweet, demure little girl when the teachers are looking, but oh, can't she raise a fuss with the boys when they aren't.

A girl who weighed many an ounce
Used language I dare not pronounce,
For a fellow unkind
Pulled her chair out behind,
Just to see, so he said, if she'd bounce!

This happy-go-lucky lass spends her spare time at studies and skating and is another of our T.V. square dancers. Sharon's future plans lie in the field of medicine.

GLADYS LITTLE:

Gladys is one of those people who live up to their last name as her stature proves. This auburn-haired bundle of fun arrives each morning from the Elcapo district on a little yellow bus. Her hobby is fighting with the boys, but what girl doesn't? She ranks in one of the higher categories in grade X and is one of the few who enjoy Mrs. Drake's French classes. Gladys seems to have her eye on the teaching profession. Good luck!

KENNY KELLER:

Here we have a lively lad in anything but school. Ken enjoys taking his regular day off each week which greatly exasperates Mrs. Drake. Ken has curly hair and freckles like "Pumpkinhead", but unlike his look-a-like he spends most of his time in the pool hall. His future lies in the application of his talents. (What talents?)

HOWARD YOUNG:

Howard is a soft-spoken lad who sits at the back of the room. He is so quiet that you don't realize that he's there. Maybe he just doesn't get caught talking out of turn. "Howie" is another ardent football enthusiast and also enjoys shooting pool. With his ducktail and side-burns we are sure that Howard would make an excellent second Fabian.

BILLY COE:

This veritable giant of the human race towers to a height of 5 feet. Billy's pastimes are fighting with Jimmy, fighting with Willie, fighting with Eugene, and fighting with anyone who will fight with him. He likes playing pool but the balls are nearly as big as he and the cues are twice his size. Bill's one ambition in life is to become a man when he grows enough.

BOB PETRIE:

This tall lanky lad of grade X plays offensive line for the Barons. "Slug" likes all sports and dislikes French. His pastimes are talking to Don M., playing the accordion and exchanging punches with his brother. Bob plans to enter the welding profession after he has finished his high school.

WILLIAM OLSON:

"Wee Willie" hails from the great metropolis of Oakshela. The teachers all believe that Willie knows some foreign language because of his writing. Because of the rather belated spurt of his growth cells, Willie was obliged to hand over the presidency of the "Shrimp Club" to a smaller member (namely Billy). His plans for the future seem to lie in the direction of radio technology.

RON GALBRAITH:

This kingsize package of the masculine gender with the real-gone waistline occupies and enjoys a seat at the back of the room in amongst the coats. Ron seems to enjoy life most when there is no work to be done. "Gath" enjoys his partime football career and hunting (deer). After mastering B.H.S. he plans to become a mountie.

EUGENE POLSON:

Eugene, better known as "Duke", enjoys playing the guitar and dancing. Duke is one of the few quiet and refined boys of B.H.S. Eugene must enjoy school for after being absent for quiet a few years he has decided to rejoin us in the old "grind". Hayrides seem to intrigue our bespeckled lad. Eugene dislikes ignorance which should help him in his future career as a game warden. How, we don't know.

JAMES MISKIMAN:

"Zeke" is the funny little guy at the front of the room whose infectious giggle (mind you we said giggle) can be heard throughout the room. His favorite pastime is talking to Billy and when someone wishes to join in, Jimmy can be heard hollering. "Take off!" Zeke likes parties and his favorite hobby is hunting (though he doesn't say for what). Jimmy plans on becoming an electrician when he has completed his grade XII.

WILFRED BLAUS:

Wilfred detests the mild things in life; mainly school. "Wil" is another of those pests which the teachers would gladly exterminate. (I wonder why?) Wilfred would like to become Nikolai Bulganin the second. We're all behind you Wilfred.

THOMAS COOK:

Tom is another of the brighter students who looks on the serious side of life. As with every other intelligent youngster his hobby is stamp collecting. Tom likes school, but dislikes low marks. His ambition is to get a mark of 101 in Latin.

PAT OSTLUND:

When asked what their extra curricular activities were, all the other girls said boys, but Pat said boys, boys, boys. You can draw your own conclusions. This blonde, blue-eyed lass spends her spare time tickling the ivories and writing letters. "Petunia" is more romantically than geometrically inclined since she enjoys Latin but has a noticeable dislike for geometry. In the future Pat would like to wear white. Good luck, Pat.

KATHY LANG:

Curly hair, nice figure, and a rosy-hue blush make a practically unbeatable combination and Kathy has them all. This quiet demure lass can usually be found talking over the week-end experiences with Marie. Kathy's hobbies range from collecting jewellery to dancing. Kathy plans to be a stenographer and her merry laugh and cheery smile leave us with no doubt about her success and we wish her the best of everything.

WINSTON ARCHER:

Boy, we sure seem to have our share of farmers. Here is another big farm lad, who has made a name on the rugby field. Winston enjoys all sports but has a leaning towards rugby. "Arch" has a strong liking for girls, women, and ladies. Winston enjoys teasing the girls, and all the other interests which come after 3.30, including Diane. Winston's plans for the future are to continue being grade X's room reporter or retire.

TERRENCE POLSON:

Terrence joined us in grade IX and has been one of the "boys" ever since (Whether this is a compliment or an insult is debatable, but nevertheless, Terrence is one of the "boys"). Terrence likes rock and roll and most sports. Whenever a lengthy assignment is given in the line of homework you will often hear "Little Duke" give a groan of despair. His spare time is spent playing the guitar and riding horseback. Terrence plans to "maintain the right."

PAULINE MARKWART:

"Peachy" is one of the newest additions to the girls of our class, hailing from Grenfell. This quiet lass's hobbies include writing letters and typing. Pauline's pet peeve is homework (sigh?!?). Pauline hasn't expressed any real interest in the male population here, but could she have left a "wee laddie" in Grenfell? Her friendly smile and cheerful manner will surely be her key to success when Pauline sets to work typing for the boss. Bon voyage in life, Pauline.

EVA RIF:

"The one and only"—yes the one and only red-head in the grade X class. This busy lass's spare time is taken up with playing the accordion and joking with Emmy. Eva knows the way to a man's heart through his stomach or so we've heard. Ambition—to win a man's heart.

EMMY CHOW:

This ardent camera-enthusiast enjoys taking pictures, talking to Eva, and making tape recordings. She works in the World Cafe at night and goes to school during the day, but still manages to stay at the top of the class. What's the secret, Emmy? Emma Lou's future plans are still in the making and we wish her the best of luck in whatever she chooses.

GRADE X HIT PARADE

Blaine Norton	Mac The Knife
Eva Rif	Run Red Run
Emmy Chow	Giesha Girl
Lynn Criddle	Waltzing Matilda
Agnes Chaskavich	I've Been Around
Jimmy Campbell	Go Jimmie Go
Vivian Brown	Take Me Like I Am
Margaret Ann Thompson	Ice Cubes And Beer
Sharon Rink	Let It Be Me
Gladys Little	Be My Guest
Kenny Keller	Gathering Flowers
Howard Young	Handy Man
Ruth Kurtz	Paper Doll
Terry FitzGerald	Bulldog
Marie Fleece	Marina
Lyndon Reeve	Hound Dog Man
Eugene Polson	Nearly Sunrise
Wilfred Blaus	Don't Fence Me In
James Miskiman	P.T.A.
Pauline Markwart	Pretty Blue Eyes
Pat Ostlund	Patricia
Kathy Lang	Was There A Call For Me?
Terrence Polson	I'm Ready If You're Willin'
Winston Archer	Runnin' Gun
Billy Coe	Billie Bio!
Bob Petrie	White Lightning
William Olson	Apron Strings
Donald Perrie	Half Way To Heaven
Tommy Cook	If The Good Lord's Willin'
Ron Galbraith	There's A Big Wheel
Donald Miskiman	Running Bear



Pripping!!



Step on it!



Posing!!



Holding up the wall.



Wedding Balls



What gives?



Going, going gone!



The elephant was a graceful bird.



Searchin'



Left! Right!

Freshmen



Back Row: Marion Fockler, Wilma Webb, June Erickson, Maxine Wilson, Robert Legg, Doug Legg, David Reniak, Irvin Bender, Dennis Polson, Wayne Belon, Sherry Carnahan, Kathy Warner, Jean Kienas, Leona Dimler, Anita Erickson, Mr. Reimer. **Centre row:** Cathy Anderson, Marian Webb, Judy Strandlund, Elaine McLeod, Lil Karlunchuck, Florence Belon, Roberta Bourns, Sandra Petrie, Sharon Wysoskey, Joyce Rif, Winnifred Gatrell, Glenda Donison, Barbara Cope, Gloria Ismond, Marlene Cope, Greta Boger. **Front row:** Hamish Maslaniec, Ron Little, Don Rink, Wayne Larter, Albert Olson, Don Fuchs, Ron Saleski, Donald Miskiman, Pat Chaskavich, Don Fathers, Sid Hanson, Fred Bahr, Charles Olson, Robert Little. **Missing:** Shiela Stewart, Judy Wysoskey.

WAYNE BELON:

Likes: Skating, teasing girls.
Dislikes: French, homework.
Face: framed with glasses.
Ambition: to be a well-appreciated husband (foolish boy)

ANITA ERICKSON:

Stature: petite.
Alias: "Nita".
Hobbies: reading, dancing.
Ambition: librarian.

MARLENE COPE:

Likes: Donnie, Donnie, Donnie.
Dislikes: homework, staying in Friday nights.
Hobbies: chewing gum, riding around in a red and grey truck.
Ambition: stenographer.

RONALD LITTLE:

Has: a twin brother.
Likes: spending money 'cause it burns a hole in his pocket.
Dislikes: his size and girls.
Ambition: to be preserved with pickles.

ROBERT LITTLE:

Is: Ronald's twin brother and the quieter of the two.
Likes: anything and everything.
Dislikes: homework.
Future plans: to be what he isn't.

DAVE RENIAK:

Is: a ladies' man.
Likes: singing and dancing.
Dislikes: homework, detentions and nothing.
Ambition: to study electronics.

IRVIN BENDER:

Alias: "Ben".
Dislikes: Mr. Reimer's classes.
Likes: sports.
Ambition: to be a second Ed Sullivan.

GLORIA ISMOND:

Likes: dances and shows.
Dislikes: "Le Francais."
Is: a pessimist.
Ambition: to be a "scribe."

WINNIFRED GATRELL:

Alias: "Winnie."
Likes: Shingles (Wood???).
Dislikes: proposing, wood (Shingles???).
Future plans: to receive her R.N. and torture teachers.

MARIAN WEBB:

Dislikes: rising with the birds.
Likes: rugmaking, skating.
Hobbies: Oil-painting, dancing, driving (what?).
Ambition: a pharmacist.

LILLIAN KARLUNCHUCK:

Found: wandering around, talking to Albert.
Likes: horse-back riding, outdoor sports.
Allergy: skirts and dresses.
Ambition: women's champion weight lifter.

ALBERT OLSON:

Is: always combing his mop.
Likes: the outdoors and math.
Dislikes: the big "Chity" speeches.
Ambition: to be an educated farmer.

CATHIE ANDERSON:

Likes: talking to the teachers.
Dislikes: work of any kind.
Hobbies: fighting with her brother, sleeping.
Ambition: drilling holes (in teeth).

DONALD RINK:

Hobby: saying the wrong thing at the wrong time.
Likes: getting into trouble.
Dislikes: the hours 9-12; 1-3.30.
Ambition: turn his bicycle into a convertible.

KATHY WARNER:

Is: quiet, shy but friendly.
Isn't: loud, boisterous, unfriendly.
Hobbies: skating, swimming.
Ambition: jabbing needles in people's hip-pockets.

LEONA DIMLER:

Is: frindly, intelligent.
Likes: reading.
Dislikes: Elvis, detentions.
Ambition: deep, dark mystery.

SHIELA STEWART:

Likes: "Dougie," green plymouths.
Dislikes: loneliness in the cinema.
Creed: Boys, Boys, Come Hither Thou!
Ambition: Doctor's "sidekick."

WAYNE LARTER:

Talents: none.
Hair: some; short, stubby.
Dislikes: few; girls (what a queer!).
Ambition: Nil.

JUNE ERICKSON:

Likes: "Leggs", nice clothes
Feet: 2; in shoes

Hobbies: dancing, playing records
Ambition: to fly high.

SANDRA PETRIE:

Stature: tall, blonde.
Likes: sports, French, herself.
Dislikes: "les devoirs."
Ambition: to be a "phormasis" (whatever that is!).

GLENDA DONISON:

Brings: Mr. Gobie's weather reports.
Hopes: to grow up to be a woman.
Hobby: following in the footsteps of "Long" fellow.
Future plans: to wear white.

PATRICK CHASKAVICH:

Alias: "Pat."
Likes: sitting at the back of the room, raising rabbits.
Dislikes: his enemies.
Ambition: to die a rich man.

RON SALESKI:

Likes: Margaret.
Is: grade IX room reporter.
Dislikes: anything but Margaret.
Ambition: to get married before he gets too old.

SHARON WYSOSKEY:

Likes: travelling.
Dislikes: Oakshela.
Hobbies: dancing, collecting pictures.
Ambition: to sit on the boss's knee.

MAXINE WILSON:

Has: an infectious giggle.
Likes: brown eyes, dancing.
Dislikes: music lessons, staying in Saturday night.
Ambition: housewife.

ELAINE McLEOD:

Likes: herself, animals.
Dislikes: being called "skinny."
Hobbies: reading, writing, arithmetic.
Future: pushing typewriter keys.

JUDY STRANGLUND:

Likes: sleeping, cats.
Dislikes: getting up early.
Found: waddling after Elaine.
Ambition: to take a business course.

GRETA BOGER:

Likes: shows, seniors.
Dislikes: red hair.
Found: at the back of the room.
Ambition: brewing up potions for unsuspecting patients.

ROBERTA BOURNS:

Likes: the "big four", country dances.
Dislikes: staying home, detentions.
Alias: "Bobby."
Ambition: a junkyard proprietor.

WILMA WEBB:

Likes: Arnold, rings with "A" on them.
Alias: "Willie."
Ears: with rings.
Ambition: farmer's wife.

SIDNEY HANSON:

Alias: "Sid."
Pastime: talking to anyone who will listen to him.
Detests: French.
Ambition: to be an Egyptian Daddy.

DOUGLAS LEGG:

Likes: holidays, candy, horses, and Shelia.
Dislikes: brothers.
Hobbies: horse-back riding.
Ambition: husband, rancher or outlaw.

SHARON CARNAHAN:

Alias: "Sherry."
Likes: Barry, yellow, dancing, ice-cream.
Dislikes: Olives, bananas, onions.
Ambition: Bandleader.

MARION FOCKLER:

Likes: square dancing, parties.
Dislikes: being teased.
Is: Happy-go-lucky.
Ambition: something different.

BARBARA COPE:

Alias: "Bubs."
Likes: basketball, fooling around with Ken.
Dislikes: being teased (by boys).
Ambition: to be a success at anything and everything.

ROBERT LEGG:

Alias: "Harry."
Hobbies: getting 10% less than nothing.
Problem: staying out of trouble.
Ambition: to earn wings.

JOYCE RIF:

Hobby: playing the piano.
Likes: nice clothes, butter.
Favorite saying: "Ruth, come here!"
Ambition: to become Chopin the Second.

JUDY WYSOSKEY:

Likes: high school parties.
Dislikes: homework, doing dishes.
Hobby: talking to Gloria.
Ambition: to become a secretary.

CHARLES OLSON:

Whereabouts: under people's feet.
Dislikes: tomato ketchup.
Likes: everything except tomato ketchup.
Ambition: to be a boxer—boxing apples.

FLORENCE BELON:

Likes: chewing gum, T.V.
Dislikes: pests.
Hobby: winking at Robert.
Ambition: "Marry Harry."

JEAN KIENAS:

Likes: French, Dodge cars.
Dislikes: Social Studies.
Home: Edgewood.
Ambition: to be a "school marm."

DENNIS POLSON:

Likes: girls.
Dislikes: the future.
Hobby: forgetting his books.
Ambition: to be a lawyer.

FREDDIE BAHR:

Likes: music.
Hobbies: oil-painting and going to school.
Pastime: playing dolls with his girl friends.
Ambition: dentist or doctor—can't stand the sight of blood.

DONALD MISKIMAN:

Dislikes: shaving.
Likes: curling, square dancing.

Hair: curly.

Ambition: to be manager of the Ladies Home Journal.

HAMISH MASLANIEC:

Eyes: two round, dark buttons.

Hobby: hunting.

Likes: picking on someone smaller than himself.

Ambition: to grow six feet (tall).

DONALD FATHERS:

Alias: "Feathers."

Allergy: capital letters.

Hobby: swimming.

Ambition: horse trader.

DONALD FUCHS:

Hobby: hockey.

Likes: playing pool, science.

Friend: Lady Luck.

Ambition: to be a Rocket Richard II.

GRADE IX HIT PARADE

Donald Rink	<i>It Was I</i>
Anita Erickson	<i>One Of These Days</i>
Marion Fockler	<i>Moonlight Swim</i>
Donald Miskiman	<i>The Money Tree</i>
Ronald Saleski	<i>For The Love Of A Girl</i>
Patrick Chaskavich	<i>I Dreamed</i>
Donald Fathers	<i>Black Land Farmer</i>
Wilma Webb	<i>Young And In Love</i>
Robertta Bourns	<i>I Guess Things Happen That Way</i>
Joyce Rif	<i>Sweetly</i>
Sharon Carnahan	<i>Little Drummer Boy</i>
Wayne Belon	<i>Put More Wood On The Fire</i>
Sheila Stewart	<i>Just Between You And Me</i>
Florence Belon	<i>Ma, He's Makin' Eyes At Me</i>
Charles Olson	<i>You Take The Table, I'll Bring The Chair</i>
Jean Keinas	<i>Skinny Minnie</i>
Dennis Polson	<i>I Forgot To Remember To Forget</i>
Sandra Petrie	<i>Sandy</i>
Freddie Bahr	<i>Waterloo</i>
Ronald Little	<i>It's So Peaceful In The Country</i>
Robert Little	<i>I'm Old Enough</i>
Judy Wysoskey	<i>Teacher's Pet</i>
Winnifred Gatrell	<i>I Love Everybody</i>
Gloria Ismond	<i>First Date, First Kiss, First Love</i>
David Reniak	<i>She Loves The Love I Give Her</i>
Greta Boger	<i>Jamie Boy</i>
Irvin Bender	<i>The Battle of Cucamunga</i>
Judy Strandlund	<i>I'm Just Another Girl</i>
Elaine McLeod	<i>Untouched Heart</i>
Sharon Wysoskey	<i>I Ain't Sharin' Sharon</i>
Maxine Wilson	<i>First Name Initial</i>
Cathie Anderson	<i>Yakity-Yak</i>
Hamish Maslaniec	<i>Witch Doctor</i>
Marian Webb	<i>What In The World's Come Over You?</i>
Marlene Cope	<i>Love Is A Many Splendoured Thing</i>
Leona Dimler	<i>Country Girl</i>
June Erickson	<i>You'll Never Know I Care</i>
Kathy Warner	<i>Katy Too</i>

Wayne Larter	-----	<i>There Ought To Be A Law</i>
Glenda Donison	-----	<i>Honey Love</i>
Sidney Hanson	-----	<i>What Am I Supposed To Do?</i>
Barbara Cope	-----	<i>You're The Cream In My Coffee</i>
Douglas Legg	-----	<i>Morning, Noon And Night</i>
Robert Legg	-----	<i>Who Shot Sam?</i>
Donald Fuchs	-----	<i>Blow The Smoke Away</i>
Albert Olson	-----	<i>Big Red Benson</i>
Lillian Karlunchuck	-----	<i>Hi, Lilly</i>

BHS LOG 59-60

Sept. 1—School starts.

Sept. 25—Holiday—Teachers' institutes.

Oct. 12-14—Holiday, Thanksgiving (12th) and 2 days holiday for teachers' convention.

Oct. 12—University Jubilee Celebration and formal opening of school. The speaker, Dr. Crossman from Regina College.

Nov. 11—Remembrance Day Holiday.

Nov. 23-27—Initiation week. Green and white beanies to be seen everywhere.

Nov. 27—Initiates wear green and white, scrub gym floor with toothbrushes. Program and party at night.

Dec. 9-15—Christmas exams.

Dec. 18—Carol Festival with 3 choirs from the high school, 1 from public school and 1 from each church.

Dec. 22—We received small parcels from the Health Department in the form of gamma globulin shots.

Dec. 22—Jan. 4—Christmas holidays.

Jan. 15—Mr. McDonald, public relation officer for the Post Office, gave us an interesting talk and showed a film on postal systems. Grade XI and XII boys were given an interesting talk by two army recruiting officers from Regina on the Regular Officer's Training Plan.

Jan. 21—Constable Calahan of the Road Patrol gave us a short talk on traffic safety after morning exercises.

Jan. 22—Bryant eliminations were started with 4 speeches given.

Jan. 29—Bryant eliminations were finished with Pat Morrice and Joan Listrom chosen to represent Broadview in the Unit Finals to be held here on Feb. 10.

Feb. 10—Unit Finals held in the auditorium with 8 speakers taking part. At short intervals between speakers musical items were enjoyed by the audience. Pat Morrice was chosen to go to Regina.

Feb. 26—Hurry! Hurry! The students' hard work was rewarded with a full house for both matinee and evening performances of our High School Play. Following the play a dance was held in the school.

March 18—Mr. Derwin, representing Canadian Petroleum Assoc. Ltd., demonstrated to grades IX-XII various products of petroleum, and the informal commentary was received with enthusiasm by the students and teachers.

March 25—Mr. Doucet entertained us with some interesting items. His performance was enjoyed by all.

March 31—April 6—Easter exams.

April 15-25—Easter holidays.

April 25—May 6—Again to the joy of the boys, two young feminine practice teachers taught us for two weeks.

May 13—"We'll have these moments to remember." A banquet, exercises, and a dance in honor of the graduates.

May 16—Forward ho! Eliminations held.

June 21-28—June examinations.

In And About BHS



UNIVERSITY JUBILEE NIGHT

On Oct. 21 a university night was held here, the first function to take place in the new school. In conjunction with this, an open house was declared to allow the public to see the new building.

This is the University of Saskatchewan's fiftieth year of operation, and all over the province university nights are being held to acquaint the public with the University, past and present. Dr. L. C. Crossman, professor of English from Regina College, was the guest speaker. He told us a little of the University's history and what the University was trying to accomplish. In the words of a first president, "Every walk of life is to be represented." After this informative talk he showed the award-winning jubilee film "Saskatchewan, Our University."

The program was rounded off by several musical selections. On its completion, those who attended had a chance to have lunch and to tour the building. Dr. Crossman spent time explaining and answering the questions of those students desiring to study at University. Thus, very appropriately, was the new school opened, with the students of B.H.S. taking the opportunity to seek information on further education.



Initiation

On Friday, Oct. 20 these words by the president of the Literary Society pronounced the doom of forty-five Broadview High School initiates, "And they shall bow to the senior and say I am your slave, and will be treated as such."

Monday, Oct. 23 produced initiates all "bright-eyed" and "busy-tailed" sporting

the cutest little green-and-white beanies. Speaking of "buttons and bows", they separated boys from girls, the girls got the buttons and the boys the bows.

The initiates wore these caps all week, but Friday was when the real fun took place. This Oct. 27 morning saw the "sharpest" outfits we've seen. The color scheme was green and white; girls in white blouses and green slim jims, boys in green shirts, white trousers. In addition to this, green and white sashes set off their costumes, along with the familiar beanie. What were the toothbrushes tied around their waists for? All we know is that the seniors and teachers never had such clean shoes.

The time during the afternoon generally relegated to the Literary Society meeting was spent in fully initiating (torturing???) the new B.H.S.'ers. Everything from hula-hoop contests to boy-girl wheelbarrow races took place. Did you know our gymnasium is five hundred forty tooth-picks long? We are willing to bet that our boards have never been so clean since school opened. When the costume judging was completed, Marion Fockler and Patrick Chaskavich were pronounced the winners.

At eight o'clock that evening the festivities commenced once more with the program and dance put on in the initiates honor by the remainder of the high school students. Pat Miskiman proved an able M.C. in introducing the initiates at the beginning of the program. After singing the theme song we listened to Pat Morrice of Broadview compete against Richard Edmundson of Estevan in the regional finals of the Credit Union speaking contest. Pat Morrice was declared the winner. Several orchestra arrangements, vocal selections, a play, a monologue, and a skit provided the evening's entertainment. Blaine Norton's "An Item" produced the biggest laugh of the evening. Wonder how sales are on Gramma's Lye Soap now?

Lunch was served to the hungry initiates and parents on the termination of the program. Dancing to records brought the evening to a comfortable close.

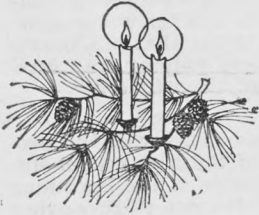


THE CHRISTMAS CAROL FESTIVAL

On Dec. 19, Broadview embarked on a new venture into the land of Christmas music. Much credit is due to Miss Cope, who organized our first carol festival.

The festival commenced at eight o'clock in the evening, a rowd of approximately six or seven hundred crowding into the auditorium to enjoy the many beautiful selections and the community singing. Mr. Leibel was the engaging chairman and his

pleasant remarks kept the items flowing smoothly. Heightening the Christmas feeling three gaily decorated Christmas trees graced the stage. When asked if they wished to repeat the evening next year the large crowd present gave vigorous approval.



The Unit Bryant Oratory Finals

The Unit eliminations for the Bryant Oratory Contest were held in the Broadview High School auditorium on the evening of Feb. 10. Mr. Leibel was the chairman of the proceedings. We were pleased to have with us, judges of the speeches : Mr. James Ingram, Superintendent of Schools for Moosomin Unit; Mr. Donald Wright, principal of Moosomin High School; and Mr. Delaney Virtue, vice-principal of Moosomin High School.

Joan Listrom, grade eleven student from Broadview, fittingly chose, at the beginning of the new decade, "A Review of the Fifties." She tantalized our memories with the headlines and events in the past decade. To us was offered a challenge to make the next review, of the sixties, still greater.

Pat Morrice, our other Broadview contestant, from grade twelve, spoke on an important and controversial topic, "Disarmament." Emphatically she brought out our moral and civic duty to see that our nation will take the first step towards world peace. She brought to light the petty fears and jealousies of the world powers, which will not permit them the slaughter of human beings. If we do not face the grim reality of total destruction, she said, "There is only one way left—over the precipice."

Other speakers were: Andrew George and Maxine Callin from Whitewood; Elaine

Douglas and Donald Parker, Kipling; Edith Dean from Langbank; and Karen Hill from Corning.

Mr. Ingram spoke on behalf of the judges, at the conclusion of the evening. He praised the speakers on their efforts and gave some pointers on public speaking. Pat Morrice was chosen the winner of the Unit, to go on to Regina to participate in the provincial finals. Mr. Thacker then presented the public speaking cup to Pat. We would like to congratulate Pat here for the fine showing she made at Regina.

Curtain Going Up

Once more the curtains rose and unveiled B.H.S.'s annual production. This year, it was a three-act farce comedy "Books and Crooks."

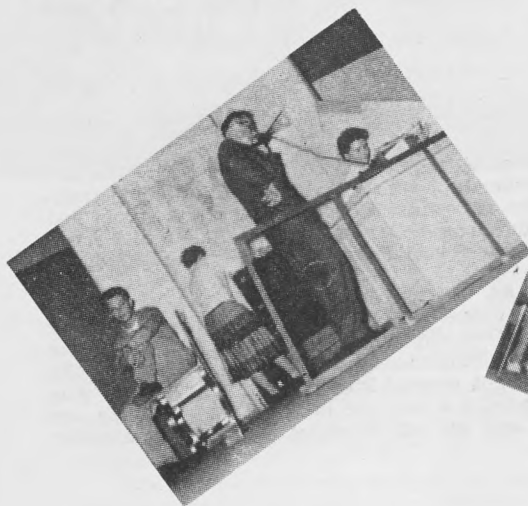
The bank had just been robbed and the criminals have taken refuge in Alexander Hamilton High School, just across the street. It turns out that one of the crooks looks exactly like Mr. Henley, the stone-hearted principal, and from this time on the play hinges on this fact. The bank robbers take Mr. Henley prisoner and Raymond "The Prof" Nichols takes his place.

By passing his partner, Francis, off as "Mr. Brown of the Board of Education," they elude detection until Larry, President of the student council, begins to do some detective work on his own, and finally comes up with an answer. The crooks are taken prisoner and Mr. Hanley is released, but he has learned a lesson and promises to change his ways, thus bringing the play to a happy conclusion for all but the bank robbers.

This year your writer had a chance to be behind the scenes, because she was also in the play. What excitement behind stage! Ever been behind the curtain two minutes before "on stage"? It is a thrilling feeling. Everyone is having a last minute attack of nerves, but anxious to begin. There is fun in it, too. Remember how the curtain stuck? Remember how the dust fell when the shot was fired in the climax?

Cast was as follows:

Gerald	a student	Lynn Baker
Miss Irene Hamilton	principal's secretary	May Edwards
Arnold O. Henley	the principal	Bob Petrie
Larry Malone	Dale Laird
Lindy Williams	students	Georgina McFadden
Goody Gulfhopper	Shirley Fredlund
Raymond "The Prof" Nichols.....	at large	
Francis, his partner	also at large	Winston Archer
P. Oliver Burkholder	President of the bank	Curt Anderson
Mrs. Mildred Gunlock	Joan Listrom
Mrs. Margaret Blickle	a couple of anxious band mothers.....	Pat Morrice
Lieutenant Shaw	of the police dept.,	Blaine Norton
Extras	members of the band	
Tommy Cook, Donald Perrie, Donald Rask, Reg Ealey, Eva Rif, Joyce Rif, Mary Anne Pearson, Colleen Rask,		



At the completion of the evening performance, Bob Petrie, the leading man presented Mrs. Drake with gifts from the cast of "Books and Crooks."

Sound effects, make-up and properties were well managed by the committees responsible.

In closing, we wish to extend our sincere congratulations to Mrs. Drake who did such a wonderful job of directing a play, the cast of which was composed of people who job is to study, not to act.

Also hearty thanks go to all those who helped in any way to make the play possible.

Thus, the curtain falls on B.H.S. drama for 1960.

EDUCATION DAY

This year we held our customary open house for Education Week on March 24. Features were, the Red Cross Tea given by the grade seven and eight girls, a basketball game, and a Walt Disney film "The Mighty Atom." The big "war" of the day sent fathers home thoroughly beaten by daughters at volleyball.

THE LIGHT AND THE LIVELY

Sept. 24: Th first party held in our new school had a record attendance of one hundred eighteen people. The party started out with a few mixer dances to get things moving. One surprise was Mr. Leibel winning the broom dance. The highlight of the evening was provided by a visit of Mr. "Krushchev" and his interpreter. Mr. Dale Laird our M.C. interviewed the pair. We found that, (in between vodkas and pea soups) the population of Russia is 9,999,999,999.037, and that Russia has only one hydrogen bomb. Mr. Krushchev became so excited describing his missiles, that his interpreter was forced to bear him off still talking. After our lunch, dancing resumed, and fun continued until Home Sweet Home was played.



Nov. 6: Our second high school party saw the use of our new records. All the usual dances were enjoyed. After lunch was served in the music room, a laughter-filled program was presented by grade twelve, the first item consisted of the "Kingston Trio," three darling little girls in skirts and bows, namely Don Larter, Les Norbeck and Alfie Olson. We were treated to "Tra-La-De-Boom-Te-Ah!" and a "silent" but slightly discordant "Night," Dale Laird, who always makes an excel-

lent chairman, related a few war experiences. A mirth-provoking little play, "It's Almost the Last Day of School" made us wonder if it was a teacher who invented tranquillizers. They surely could have used them. The final item of the program was Pat Miskiman and Barry McFadden on banjo and drums. Dancing was resumed once more and all "Tripped the light fantastic" till "Home Sweet Home."

OUR CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

On December 22, we took our last forty-five minutes in the day off to receive our annual visit from Santa Claus. The merry old fellow handed out gifts to the students and staff. Mrs. Drake received her Christmas kiss from Santa as usual. In fact this year, she was really thrilled! She got several kisses while Mr. Reimer was taking pictures! After the cards were handed out and we had opened our gifts, we wished each other a "Merry Christmas!" and set off to enjoy our eagerly awaited holidays.

February 5: This was a fun-filling "soir" with no lack of "M.C.S." The party was in the high school auditorium as usual, and as usual, we danced to records. While changing M.C.'s on the fly, Mr. Reimer told us one story that raised the hearty haw-haws to the gym roof, about when he was a little boy in the Alps. Apparently the echoes were fabulous, and he kindly demonstrated. "Baloney." Silence. "Dale Laird is a good dancer!" Came the echo answer "Baloney!"

Bob Petrie was declared B.H.S.'s prized "foot-stepper onner" (worst dancer) but he wasn't. Your laurels are safe, Bob! Doreen Petrie won the door prize.

April 9: Grade eleven produced a very acceptable evening for the student body on this occasion. Novelty dances and games kept the party "jumping." Poor Mr. Leibel . . . he just can't win. They told him to break his balloon in the balloon dance by stepping on it, so he did . . . and then got "screamed" at for "stomping" on it the wrong way. Did you know that we have girls around here with fifty-inch waists? No kidding, that's what the boys think!

Graduation



Sixteen graduates, the first class of the new B.H.S. to graduate, were honored on the evening of May 13, with a banquet, exercises, and a dance. The banquet was served in the Memorial Hall, followed by a short program. Toasts were made as follows: To the Queen—Pat Miskiman; to the graduates—Mr. Reimer; Reply—Shirley Anderson; to the parents—Irene Fafard; Reply—Mr. Roy Miskiman; to the teaching staff—Glenn Hanson; Reply—Mr. Gobie; to the school board—Gordon Parker; Reply—Mr. S. Dempsey.

The exercises followed in the school auditorium. The high points of the program were the address by the guest speaker, Mr. M. A. Huch, and the valedictory by Pat Morrice. The program was rounded out by several musical numbers, including Miss Cope's Chorus.

Pat's valedictory was summed up in the poem she quoted at the end. Mr. Huch's address stressed the point that Canada's hope lies in her coming generation to raise

her above mediocrity. He urged that our graduates join the "construction crew, not the wrecking crew."

After the exercises, a dance took place in the gaily decorated auditorium.

GRADUATION

Twelve long years with old school mates;
Twelve short years in and out those gates.
Twelve short years of joy and sorrow,
Twelve long years to prepare for the morrow.
The future holds such varied tasks;
The roles of many still wear masks.
Like a high blown wave at sea,
Students ponder which way prosperity may be.
One long new life full of friendly names;
One short life to fulfill our aims.
One short life to try our best;
One long life for joy and rest.
Graduation falls between the two,
The future's hazy, the past is in review.

—Gordon Parker
Grade XII



PROF. VON
BOTTOMS UP



SUNSHINE



HANDSOME?



BEAUTIFUL?



I DEAL TWOSOME



ARNOLD LINK



IRENE GALBRAITH



SIAMESE TWINS



MIXED UP



CLARKE
GABLE



TARIAN OF
THE APES



DIXY ROSE
LEE



PEG-LEG
JACK



HEAD HOPPER



BLAA! BLAA
BLACK
SHEEP



MA' SHE'S MAKIN'
EYES AT ME!

SPORTS



FOOTBALL

Football was the first sport to get underway at Broadview. The first exhibition game was played between Whitewood and Broadview at Whitewood on September 23. The Barons failed to get untracked and went down to defeat by the score of 19-13. Norton scored all the points for the Barons.

On Monday, October 5, the Barons journeyed to Kipling for a game against the local team. The Barons put on a good display both offensively and defensively, and came out on top by the score of 21-13. Key interceptions by Norton and D. Miskiman paved the way to victory. Norton kicked two converts for the Barons.

On Saturday, October 17, the Unit Finals were held in Broadview, with teams from Whitewood, Kipling and Broadview in attendance. This gave the Baron fans their first, and also what proved to be their last glimpse of the team. The field was wet and slippery for both games.

In the first game the Barons could not get an attack rolling until late in the fourth quarter, when it was too late. Whitewood, however, could do no wrong and they whipped the Barons 31-0. The Whitewood touchdowns were scored by Purvis (2), Armstrong and Patrick. Patrick also helped the Whitewood cause by kicking a field goal and four converts.

The third game, which was to be played, was not played, because Whitewood had already clinched the Unit Title by defeating Kipling 25-18.

Mayfield won the East Regional Finals at Broadview on October 24.

A game was scheduled between Maryfield and the Western Regional Champion. However, the West dropped out of the play-offs, and the Q.V.D.A. Championship and cup were awarded to Maryfield.

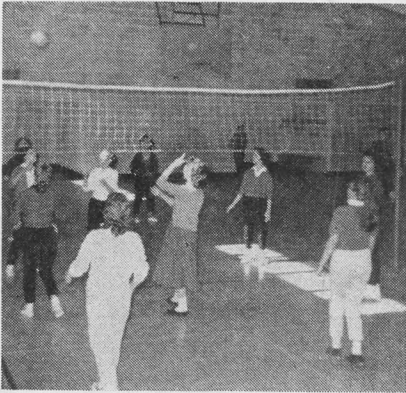
Leading scorers for the Barons during the season were:

B. Norton	2	4	0
G. Hanson	2	0	0
W. Archer	1	0	0
	0	0	16
	0	0	12
	0	0	6

The Barons for 1959 consisted of: Quarterback, B. Norton; Halfbacks, P. Miskiman, D. Miskiman; Offensive line, G. Hanson, L. Norbeck, W. Archer; Defensive line, W. Blaus, D. Larter, B. Petrie; Defensive back, C. Anderson, H. Young, R. Saleski.

TABLE TENNIS

A table tennis tournament was held throughout our long, cold winter. In the boys' section the winner was Glenn Hanson. He came in first after defeating Donald Fuchs. Forty-eight boys took part in this tournament.



VOLLEYBALL

On Thursday, January 14, two teams from Whitewood played volleyball against the boys' and girls' volleyball teams. The teams from Broadview outclassed their opponents. In the girls' game, Broadview whipped the Whitewood team five games to zero. The boys from Broadview dropped only one game to the Whitewood squad while winning the other four.

Inter room games have been played between grade nine and ten teams. In these games, grade ten girls and grade nine boys came out on top.

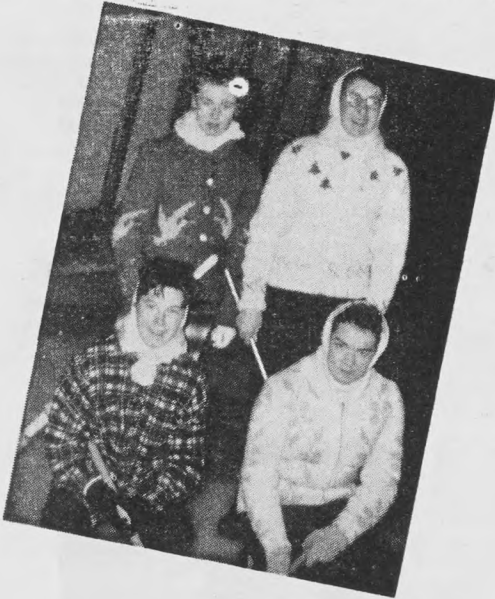
CURLING

The roaring game was started in Broadview at the beginning of January immediately after returning to school. Rinks were drawn up for a practice session on January 9. The following week, curling began in earnest. The rinks were drawn up for the high school bonspiel. From the fourteen rinks participating emerged the winner, the rink skipped by Dale Laird. His rink consisted of: skip, Dale Laird; third, Bob Petrie; second, Jimmy Miskiman; lead, Jean Briggs.

The winner of the loser's event was Terry FitzGerald. Terry's rink was made up of: skip, Terry FitzGerald; third, David Reniak; second, Donald Larter; lead, Freddie Bahr.



Bonspielers



UNIT PLAYOFFS

On Saturday, January 23, the Unit Finals were staged at the Broadview Curling Rink. Rinks from Kipling, Whitewood, Broadview, Corning and Langbank competed in the all day competition.

The Broadview Unit Rinks consisted of: Boys' Rink—skip, Glenn Hansen; third, Ron Galbraith; second, Donald Miskiman; lead, Blaine Norton. Girls' Rink—skip, Jean Saleski; third, Irene Fafard; second, May Edwards; lead, Sharon Rink.

The first draw was played at ten o'clock. Results of this draw were: Girls' matches—Kipling, 12 - Whitewood, 0; Broadview, 18 - Langbank, 3. Boys' matches—Corning, 12 - Whitewood, 2.

The results of the twelve o'clock draw were: Boys' matches—Corning, 10 - Langbank, 5; Kipling, 9 - Broadview, 8.

In the boys' final, Corning defeated Kipling 9-6. After an extra end, the Kipling girls edged Broadview 11-10.

BASKETBALL



This was the first year that basketball was played in earnest at Broadview. Immediately after the football season was finished, five teams were chosen to play a round-robin competition. The winner of this series was the team captained by Pat Miskiman. His team consisted of: Captain, Pat Miskiman, Donald Miskiman, Jimmy Miskiman, Charles Cook, Donald Perré.

The five leading scorers of this series were: 1, Pat Miskiman—104 points; 2, Winston Archer—64 points; 3, Donald Miskiman—57 points; 4, Dale Laird—51 points; 5, Irvin Bender—51 points.

FIRST EXHIBITION GAME

On Friday, March 4, the Broadview boys played host to the visiting Whitewood basketball team. The game was very close for three periods, but Whitewood broke the game open by netting 13 points in the fourth period. The scores at the ends of the quarters were: Broadview, 10 - Whitewood, 8; Whitewood, 16 - Broadview, 10; Whitewood, 22 - Broadview, 18.

The final score was 35-22 in favor of Whitewood. Broadview points were scored by: P. Miskiman, 8; L. Norbeck and D. Laird, 4; D. Miskiman, D. Larter and G. Charnish, 2.

Basketball Tournament at Broadview

On Friday, March 18, teams from Whitewood, Kipling and Broadview held a tournament in the Broadview gym. In the first game, Broadview edged Whitewood 20-18. The leading scorers for Broadview were L. Norbeck with 10 points and P. Miskiman with 7. Leading the Whitewood scorers were R. Wescott, R. Baker and W. Nelson, all with 4 points.

In the second game, Kipling trounced Whitewood 46-17. Top Kipling scorers were D. Izack with 14, and A. Szabo with 10 points.

The final game of the day was played by Kipling and Broadview. Kipling showed from the beginning that they were far superior to Broadview, and went on to whip them 41-11. L. Norbeck with 6 points was tops for Broadview. D. Izack was again the top scorer for Kipling with 10 points.

Second Exhibition Game

Thursday, March 24, Broadview met Esterhazy for the first time at Broadview. At the end of regulation time Broadview was leading 38-32. The two teams decided to play two more periods, and when these were finished Esterhazy had won 56-52. Leading scorers for Broadview were: L. Norbeck, 17; G. Charnish and P. Miskiman, 8.

Third Exhibition Game

On Thursday, April 7, Broadview journeyed to Esterhazy for a return match. In this games they agreed to play four 15 minute periods. The game was nip-and-tuck until the last quarter, when the Miskiman brothers broke it wide open by hooping 18 points. The final score was 60-38 in favor of Broadview. Top scorers for Broadview were: P. Miskiman, 20; D. Miskiman, 16; and D. Laird, 10.

Literary

INITIATION

Initiation. What a day! This is the day when the new members of the student body are supposed to be recognized as part of the high school. Were we? I wonder. Oh well, it was a lot of fun.

All week we had to wear green and white beanies, then on Friday we were in full costume. You would have thought that we were creatures from outer space, the way everyone stared at us. Every time we met a senior we had to bow and say "I am your slave." Ugh!

First off, we were taken through the torture chamber. What a dismal thought. First the big Almighty Seniors blind-folded the poor helpless initiates. We were told to hold on to this big firecracker. And we did. Why? Because a senior had told us to.

We could hear the seniors whispering, "Where are the matches? Oh, here they are. No, no, you initiates hold on to that firecracker." Then BANG. The boys jumped, the girls screamed, and the seniors laughed. It was only a paper bag full of air.

This started the afternoon off with a bang, and I mean a bang. The rest of the afternoon the initiates cleaned the gym floor with toothbrushes. Imagine! Toothbrushes! Then we had to roll eggs around the floor with our noses. Don't you feel sorry for us? I did.

But just wait until I am in grade twelve. I pity the initiates then.

—Marion Fockler,
Grade IX.

HAROLD THE MIGHTY

This is the story of my life. My name is Harold. I am a fly, and I live in Broadview. You can usually find me in the "pool room" during the day, and in one of the cafes at mealtime.

I can still remember the day I won the "hardest-to-get fly contest." I was eating at a cafe down town when some friends and I were attacked by the angry cook. I was

sitting on the mashed potatoes when he waved his hand at me. I knew he would not hit me because if he did he would ruin the potatoes. I just sat there and polished my glasses and cleaned my fingernails. I could see he was getting angry, and when I looked up there was a flash of green coming toward me. I flew to the right, then to the left and up I went. There was a crash behind me, and when I looked back over my shoulder the potato bowl and the potatoes were lying on the floor.

Humans are idiots if you ask me. For example, they build beautiful ceilings, and then walk on the floor.

—Blaine Norton,
Grade X.

DAY IS DONE

The sunset was unbelievably beautiful that night. As we sat on the dock overlooking the lake, the colours we saw made our hearts thrill inside us. Great shafts of golden light illuminated the lake water till it sparkled like a multi-coloured jewel. As the red circle sank deeper and deeper into the rosy depths of the west, it seemed to set ablaze the fringes of clouds peeping over the silhouetted pines on the lake shore. The space left after the sun descended was like a nest of glowing embers shot with bars of dying flame. The heart of the nest was a deep scarlet, blending into orange, streaked by yellow streamers. Chartruese softened into the deepening blue of the heavens. The lacy clouds were as crocheted embroidery of gold behind the black pines. As the colours softened, they seemed to achieve a fairyland-like quality. We stared, satisfying our souls till night snuffed out the last ember of the sight. Above us, the evening star winked a benediction.

—May Edwards,
Grade XI.

NO DREAM

As I swam toward shore pushing my tiny raft, the blue-green water began to feel warmer and warmer lapping against my face. My "raft" was a part of the ship's deck, which I had found floating near me after the explosion.

If there were any survivors besides myself, I could not see them. All that was visible to me was a few pieces of wreckage bobbing in the water and the island which seemed to be miles away.

I do not know how long I had been in the water clinging to this all too small raft of wood, but I do know it was late at night when the bomb hit, and now it was almost daylight. I had been lying in my bunk looking up at the bunk above me and thinking how nice it would be to be back in Saskatchewan playing football again. Then I could hear the scream of a jet fighter, the whistle of dropping bombs and chattering of machine gun fire. The boys upstairs with the machine guns and anti-aircraft did not have a chance to do much fighting back.

I remember the sergeant telling us to get out of the sleeping quarters and to launch the life-boats. We were on deck carrying our rifles and packs when the ship seemed to break in half and go out from under us. The shelling and gunfire stopped and I can remember no more until I found myself in the water holding a life-saving piece of the deck.

I still had my rifle and field pack, so I loaded them on the raft and rested as well as I could in my very wet environment. The ship had long since gone down and everything was quiet save for the lapping of the tiny waves against my raft. I do not know how I found this piece of wood in the night or how I had managed to hold on this long, but now I had to get to shore before the enemy planes came back to check on their night's work.

The island was now only a hundred yards away and soon I was able to walk in the shallow water and push the raft with my rifle butt. I was not sure that I would not be shot down by a sniper on the island, but I was too tired to care. When I reached the dry sand I fell with exhaustion and slept.

It must have been almost noon when I awoke, because the sun was high overhead. The first thing I thought of was food. I was so hungry that I could have started eating one of those tall palm trees. I found some inflammable material and built a fire to make coffee. I took "K rations" from my pack and ate half of them. The next thing to do was check my rifle. I had not been shot at as I came ashore, but this did not mean that the enemy were not on this island. I had hopes that someone else had made it to shore from the ship.

Twenty-five yards from the shore was the beginning of a thick jungle. This I did not wish to travel through. I decided to follow the beach and try to find someone from the ship, some friendly natives or at least a good place to wait for help to come. The worst that could happen would be to run into a patrol of enemy troops. My M1 carbine was all right and if I did find enemy troops, I would give a good account of myself.

Everything was quiet as I walked along the beach. I could not even hear any jungle animals or birds. The sky was a beautiful blue with a few billow white clouds.

Suddenly a voice whose owner I could not see, ordered me to stop. The voice,

strangely enough, seemed to be that of a female. Not wishing to fight a female that I could not even see, I dropped my rifle and stopped. From out of the jungle stepped a dark-haired, brown-skinned native girl, clad in a red cloth outfit trimmed with flowers. She spoke English and told me that I was on a small island in the South Pacific. She said it was inhabited by no one except her tribe of beautiful native girls. If I was dreaming, I never wanted to be awakened. Unfortunately an American troop ship landed there a week later and I was again in the war.

—Dale Laird,
Grade XII.

WINTER WONDERS

A Canadian year would not be complete without the winter season, although it is considerably longer than required. Some mystic and sometimes awesome scenes of this season are the first frost, snow, hoar frost and icicles which contribute much towards the grandeur of winter.

First, as quickly as a flash, the first frost of winter descends upon us. Over night, tree leaves become many different brilliant colors. Rivers, creeks, sloughs and lakes cover up with a smooth, enticing film of crystal clear ice. This thickness increases until finally many sports may be carried out on it. The first frost has been nicknamed Old Jack Frost.

Shortly after, a carpet of soft, fluffy-white snow is dumped on the expanse of our land. With the sun shining on this sheet, a fairy land of diamonds is produced. The weather is nippy, and consequently cheeks are rose-tinged with health, happiness, and vigor. In certain years snow is abundantly piled in drifts and blown about in fierce blizzards. The snow is blown, rolled up into snowmen, and dug in. This soft, billowy disguise is worn by our country for more months of the year than any of the other seasons.

Another bewitching scene of winter is hoar frost. Hoar-frost is white frost or frozen dew. With the rise of the sun in the background, a phenomenon is produced which is cherished by people from Europe. This setting reminds them of the fruit blossoms on trees in their old country. For those who have never seen this contrast, hoar-frost is the exotic jewellery worn by sleeping trees. Of course, like many things, hoar-frost can also be very destructive.

Next in line, during a slight rise and fall of temperature, is the icicle. Usually these are circular, pin-point objects so often used for children's swords and to inscribe writing in the snow. After an extremely warm winter day, icicles may be formed in gigantic proportions by a snappy zero spell of weather. These mammoth icicles make designs worthy of praise from even an architect, because of their original and varied shapes. For the majority, winter is a time of sports, picturesque patterns, and a cooling-off period.

—Vivian Brown,
Grade X.



THE TRUTH ABOUT SANTA

Is he, or is he not real? Is he just a figure of imagination? The answer is yes, but little does it matter. The fact that he has brought happiness and joy to thousands of little children, of all countries, colours, and religions throughout the world, makes him the most well-beloved man ever known.

Every nationality has its own name for him, but they all mean the same. He has been known as Chris Cringle, Father Christmas, and Santa Claus.

To children he is portrayed as a jolly, little, fat man with rosy cheeks and a nose like a cherry. He is a person that laughs all the time; he is always happy, but never sad. He is clothed in red and black, with his long white whiskers and hair adding color to his costume. He comes to us in a tiny, heavily-laden sleigh pulled by eight tiny reindeer; the most famous reindeer, of course, is Rudolph. Out of his big brown bag comes the wonder and excitement which awaits every boy and girl on Christmas morn.

Many songs and poems have been written about this jolly, little old fellow, and stories have been told the world over about the wonderful deeds he has done.

He has lived, and will live, for many years to come, and he will be known by children forever.

—Sherry Carnahan,
Grade IX.

THE SCHOOL DAY OF JOHN Q. DOLITTLE

John's school day usually begins at 9.05 (he is always late). He saunters into the classroom and lets himself fall into his chair. Ten minutes later, he is ready to go to work.

The first subject of the day is French. Now, as the only thing that interests John in France is Bridgit Barbot, he doesn't do very well. John usually finishes his sleep he had to interrupt by coming to school, in French class.

Next comes science. After his nap, John is refreshed and ready to go! Of course, he isn't ready to work, but he is ready to have some fun. Out comes his arsenal, consisting of two boxes (which once contained geometry sets) full of miscellaneous weapons. A few of them are: compass, several tacks, several erasers and pieces of chalk, three or four elastics, and a good supply of paper wads. His aim is excellent, and he is able to hit anyone in the room. Science is one of John's more enjoyable classes.

When the recess bell goes, John is the first one out of the room. In his mad dash to the door innocent pupils are sent sprawling. And, of course, he is the last in when recess is over.

After recess comes either composition or literature. In John's opinion they are a bore. They are made especially boring because John has nothing to do. The teacher won't let his "fool around," and naturally he doesn't do any work.

By this time John is getting hungry. But, he still has one period to go, that is algebra. He usually manages to pass algebra at exam time, but these "flukes" don't come from any hard work. In elementary school he used to be able to add, but algebra is a little harder so he has almost given up.

The long awaited bell rings, and John is away. He crashes through the lunch crowd that is coming in, takes a short cut across the gym floor, and then saunters home.

Of course, John arrives back at school late. It is now time for the geometry period. He takes out his arsenal again and begins a full scale war with the boys on the other side of the room.

Social Studies class now comes around. For John this is another rest restricted period. He finds it very boring if he can't play, and since he has no desire to work, John takes his afternoon nap. Often this nap is interrupted by the teacher very rudely suggesting that John had better remain after school.

Afternoon recess is a repeat performance of the morning recess.

The last period of the day is Latin. John is much too lazy to take Latin, so this gives him a spare period. Most of the boys congregate at the back and fight, throw desks, chairs, and running shoes, much to the frustration of the Latin teacher.

Finally, the last bell rings. But, John's school day is not over yet. Everyday, without fail, he has a detention to serve. He has his own favorite seat in the detention room, and it is almost like home.

Detention over, with a sigh and a yawn, John leaves the school, and another day is over.

—Donald Perrie,
Grade X.

OWNING A T.V. SET

Owning a T.V. set is not all it is "cracked" up to be. In fact, at times, it is an absolute nuisance. There are few, if any, educational programs being telecast and the rest is ninety-nine per cent trash. The "humorous" programs usually end up looking pretty sick to all those but the feeble minded who have no perception of the finer arts. When one of these better programs comes on, the set is usually shut off with the comment, "Who wants to watch that junk?", never thinking they might enjoy it if they gave it a chance.

T.V. could become an important media of learning if used for learning. It softens their bodies and minds. They become pale and wan with no ambition, initiative or imagination. Are these the kind of people we want to lead our nation? Certainly not! What we want are strong, healthy, intelligent people who will do their utmost for their chosen fields of labor. How can we become this by sitting before a twenty-one inch, flickering image of trash? We can't!

T.V. should be revived for the education and betterment of our people, not the destruction. The telecasting hours should be cut down so people would go out and amuse themselves and develop strong bodies and minds.

If something is not changed, we will practically cease to exist other than before our T.V. sets. If that is our future, I do not wish to be part of it.

—Cathie Anderson,
Grade IX.

MY LITTLE PARADISE

Everybody has a dream of what paradise is, and what it would look like. This is my version of what "My Little Paradise" would look like.

I would locate it in British Columbia in some secluded little valley in the Rockies. In this little valley, there would be a lake of fresh, cool, clear water just teeming with fish of all kinds and sizes, waiting to give me the sport and relaxation of fishing.

In the forest around the lake, I would have a game preserve full of all kinds of these animals and birds survive the winter months. I would also keep a couple of carnivorous and herbivorous animals. I would also raise hay and some grain to help raise good sturdy saddle ponies for my own use, and I am quite sure a horse would enjoy living there much more than it would living in some dusty old pasture.

For my own quarters, I would build a lodge of sweet smelling pine logs, and I would also make all my furniture of pine. I would have the odd tawdry little conveniences like a home-made shower, an outboard motor, and a sixteen foot Peterborough boat.

The animals I would like to have the most in my little valley are the deer, elk, moose and Rocky Mountain goat. With some mink, beaver, weasel, otters, and the odd bear just to keep things lively and also so that the valley would not become over populated. I would like to have the authority to tag birds and vaccinate the deer and other herbivorous animals to keep the valley free from disease.

After I had all these things, I would not be miserly with them and I would not live like Uncle Scrooge. I would have a short-wave radio and a plane with which to communicate with the outside world. I would also take the odd visitor with me to my humble little abode, but I would be careful in picking the persons I would take for I would not want word of my paradise getting out to hunters who would come and slaughter all the wild life innocent to the ways of human beings. I would also teach lesson to these visitors I would have, as to how beautiful nature is in her own untouched, wild state, and how innocent are her animals.

In this little paradise with all its beautiful trees, flowers, birds, and animals is where I would like to spend the biggest part of my life, trying to keep nature lovely in the way it was meant to be, while I enjoy good health, sports, and a clean way of living.

I think my greatest enemy that I would meet in trying to do this would be the human race. For in this world of ours there seems to be an unquenchable thirst for destruction and torture of all living things, and the "Little Paradise" is my answer as to the way of avoiding all this meanness and corruption.

Although all places and people are not like this, the majority are, and you may gather from this that I would like to change the world, and my answer to that is no, I would not. You cannot stop progress.

You may wonder how to get enough money to acquire a little paradise such as this. The answer is, it does not cost you a penny, all you need is an imagination and the ability to be a dreamer.

—Lynn Baker,
Grade XII.

TO HAVE OR NOT TO HAVE

A running deer,
The rising sun,
Oh, it's so near,
And me without a gun.
No running deer,
No rising sun,
The morn is cold and drear'
Because now I have a gun.

—Barry McFadden,
Grade XII.

A BAD ACCIDENT

There was an old man from Blackheath
Who sat on his set of false teeth,
He cried with a start, "Oh Lord, bless my heart,
I've bitten myself underneath."

—Elaine McLeod,
Grade IX.

MIXED UP

The stars were out,
The sun was hot,
He was where
I was not.

The grass was green,
The snow was deep,
The posies awoke
From a long summer sleep;

The birds above
Their nests did build,
I stepped on an ant
The poor bug was killed.

He didn't moan,
He didn't groan,
He said with a whimper,
"Please send me home."

I looked at my watch,
It seemed to say,
"You've wasted your time and day away
Writing a poem you know nothing about,
You're nothing but a stupid lout."

—Margaret Thompson,
Grade X.

TRAVELLING! !

Bumping, sliding,
Banging, crashing,
Crying, hurting,
Landing
At the bottom of the stairs.

—Diane Wysoskey,
Grade XI.

SUNSET

Far to the west the sun sinks below
Orange, red and yellow, what a beautiful show.
Like a ball of fire to us it seems
Vividly imagined in our dreams.

Lovers watch in fascination
With a wonderous sensation.
To the farmer, day is done.
For the young, fun is merely begun.

With one stride dusk has settled
Quietly and darkly over the land
Everywhere like coal dust scattered
From God's loving hand.

—Winnifred Gatrell, Grade IX

STUDENT'S LAMENT

This morning was dark and dreary,
Although the sun did shine.
For every mind was weary
Because school began at nine.

Now hearts are getting lighter,
The minds are feeling free.
The day is now much brighter,
For it is half past three.

—Jimmy Campbell, Grade X

FAREWELL TO SCHOOL

Farewell now school, I'll miss you so,
I'll think of you as on I go.
As I go into the world around,
No matter where I may be found.

Remembering back to my school years
I will sit and remember those days in tears.
The fun we had in those jolly ways
Those joyous times of olden days.

Now when the end is drawing near,
We look on life with a feeling of fear.
I'll think of you wherever I dwell
So now dear school I say, "farewell."

—Josephine Parker, Grade XII

A BIT OF ADVICE

When you put your nose
Close to a rose
To smell of its sweet perfume
You would be wise
To use your eyes
And first look inside the bloom.

For there you might see
A bumble bee
Busily filling his thirst.
To get stung is a shame
But you'd be to blame
For the bee, you see, was there first.

—Sharon Wyoskey, Grade IX

INNOCENT ME?

It was in the classroom during a spare
And I was slouching in my chair.
The teacher was walking up and down,
Reminding me of a clown.

When I found an eraser on the floor;
No one seemed to need it more
But I can make good use of it,
If I am just straight enough to hit!

Aiming . . . watching . . . is teacher near?
Oh! How he jumped when I hit his ear!
First, of course, at me he looks
But I am innocent; reading a book!

—Lynn Criddle, Grade X

SPRING

March 21st is the beginning of spring
An awakening of all natures' things
April brings with it many showers
Which then results in May flowers
Seasons may come, seasons may go,
But spring is the season when every-
thing grows.

—Greta Boger, Grade IX

MY TRUCK

I drive a black Ford truck that uses gas and oil,
And when it gets hot inside it has to boil.
It has a V8 engine
And three gears ahead;
It takes me many a mile
And brings me home to bed.

—Winston Archer, Grade X

WINTER MORNING

I walk.
Under my feet
Crystals,
Myriad,
Sparkling,
Snapping with cold.
Over my head
The sky.
Dome of blue
Shot with benediction of breaking day.
By my path,
Trees.
Stark, upreaching
Mute arms for the coming light.
White,
Spun filigree
Of lace
Silver embroidered branches.
Sound,
Harsh,
Metal's agonized rending,
Sparrows' chirp.
Air
Cold, frosty
Shocking the senses to reality.
Life, drama, beauty.
God.

—May Edwards, Grade XI

A SCHOOL DAY

Now I am just a boy in school
All day I watch the girls and drool.
The teacher yells and I awake
To find she was telling of Francis Drake.
But when four o'clock finally rolls around
I'm awake and down the stairs I bound
Off to the corner to have a drink
Then I go back home and try to think.
At night I'm studying what I don't know,
When a friend comes along, and we go to the show.
Some of it's work, some of it's play
This is the way I pass a school day.

Donald Miskiman, Grade X

QUOTES AND UNQUOTES OF B.H.S.

A compound adjective to describe the following:

A noise that is trying to one's nerves — "tick-tock".

"Drug Attic"

"National Health Service—B.N.A. Act"

"Tight gaurders"

"I'm available at all times—for interviews"

"Knights in shining army"

"Barnyards in the Rain"

"Cross the Atlantic in a Chinese"—Junk

"The whole crew parished"

"A ghost that at your back and with you every day is the calf of your
leg". (We give up??)

"Irrigated water"

"Atlantic Charter—showed ocean and coast"

"Statue of Westminster is at Westminster, England."

Gone But Not Forgotten

1958 ALUMNI

- GEORGINA FOCKLER ----- *Taking a nursing course in the University Hospital.*
- RUTH SZAKACS ----- *Taking a nursing course in the University Hospital.*
- STANLEY MALACH ----- *Taking his pre-medical at the University of Saskatchewan.*
- SHIRLEY SIMPSON ----- *Aiming for a B.A. at the University of Saskatchewan.*
- VIOLA WILSON ----- *Teaching at Pipestone School.*
- ERNEST BRIGGS ----- *Flying Officer in the R.C.A.F. in P.E.I.*
- DALE RASK ----- *Aiming for a B.A. at the University of Saskatchewan.*
- GARY PARKINSON ----- *Taking a course in theology at the University of Saskatchewan.*

1959 ALUMNI

- DAVID PASHNIAK ----- *Taking a course in civil engineering at the University of Manitoba.*
- VALERIE WYSOSKEY ----- *School of Nursing, Grey Nuns Hospital, Regina.*
- NONA COOK ----- *Taking a business course at Balfour Tech., Regina.*
- DAVID RASK ----- *Taking a course in psychiatric nursing at Moose Jaw.*
- DANNY PETRIE ----- *Working in the Imperial Bank of Canada.*
- ARTHUR NORDQUIST ----- *Working with a Contracting Co., Regina.*
- ORVILLE FITZGERALD ----- *Working for Government Insurance in Regina.*

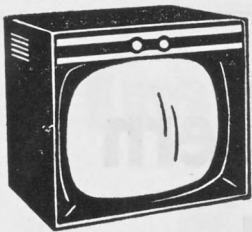
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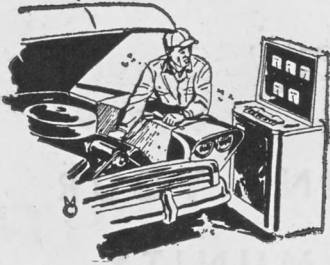
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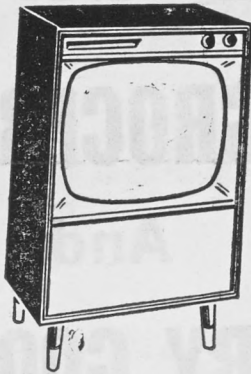
— Walter and Paul Ledohowski

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**"See Your Drug
Store First"**

S. WRIGHT

Ph.—50

Imperial Bank Of Canada

**"The Bank
That
Service Built"**

Tom Brown, Manager

Ph. 96

FUCHS' GARAGE

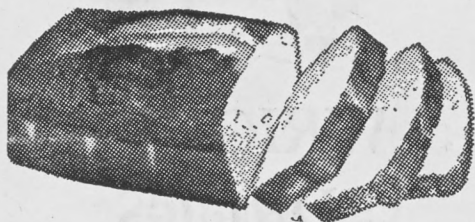


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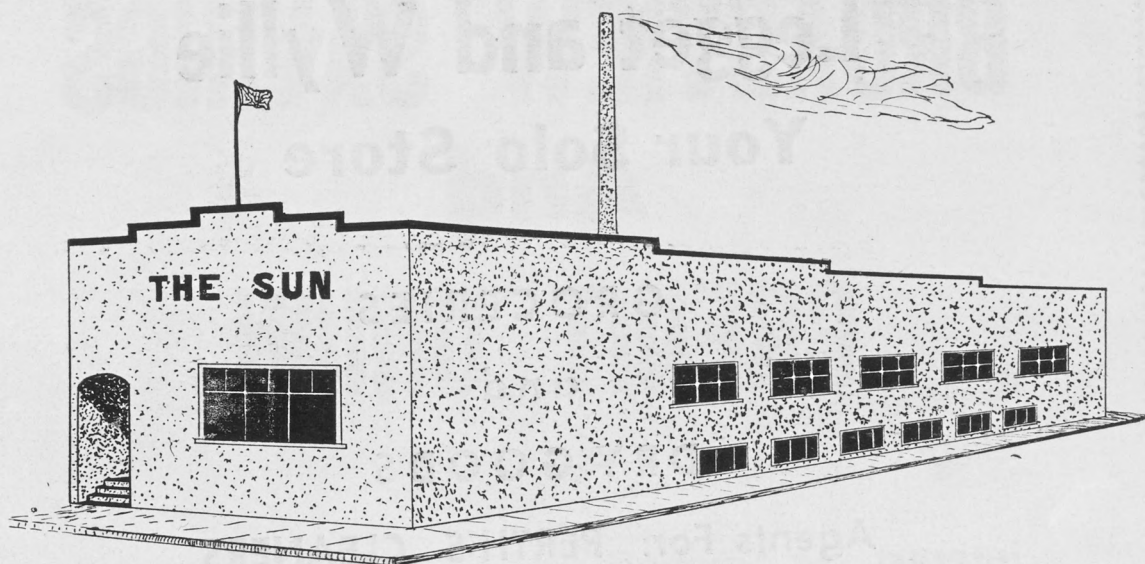
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Build your life insurance as you build your savings. In case of death, your savings in credit union shares, up to \$2,000, are doubled.

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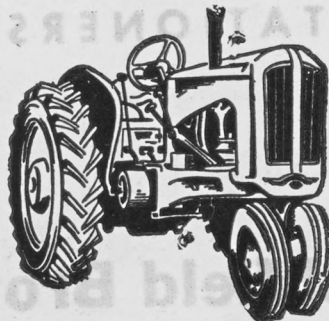
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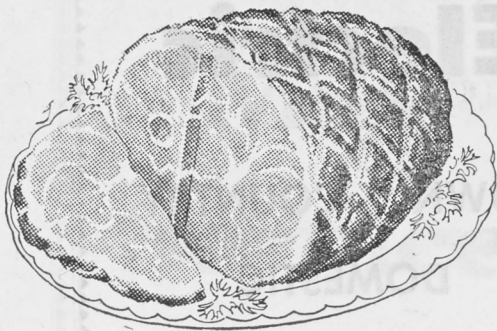
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The yearbook staff herewith wishes to acknowledge and thank all those who have made the BEAM possible.

We are indeed indebted to our advertisers, sponsors, and subscribers.

Much of our success must be attributed to the fine work of the Grenfell Sun and staff, who have co-operated with us in every way as publishers of the BEAM.

The students of Broadview High School are to be commended on their efforts in making the BEAM a success by their contributions both literary and otherwise.

Finally, much credit is due to the Yearbook Staff, who have laboriously gathered the "bits and pieces" and to have compiled such a fine volume to comprise the 1959-60 edition of the Broadview BEAM. Thank you all.

Mr. M. H. Reimer
Yearbook Advisor.

